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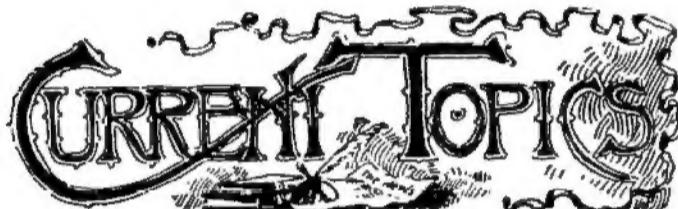
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17th OCTOBER, 1891.



British Politics.

One result of the meeting of the National Liberal Federation is very evident—the utter inability of the party it represents to govern the British Empire with any expectation of success. No greater calamity could happen to it than that LORD SALISBURY should have to resign office and MR. GLADSTONE take his place. The first is a statesman in every sense—a man broad and liberal in his views, calm and dignified in manner; one who gives a scheme thoughtful consideration and acts with decision. There are few who do not admit that the foreign and colonial policy of the present administration is far more befitting that which an empire like Great Britain should employ than were the measures adopted by their predecessors in office; and a faithful and non-partisan examination of the results of the domestic rule of the Ministry now in power must also convince anyone not blinded by political partiality that affairs have been managed in an excellent and economical manner; the last budget was one of the most cheering financial statements ever presented to Parliament. MR. GLADSTONE's qualities in private life are of the highest nature, and had he retired from the worry of politics fifteen years ago his reputation in every particular of greatness would be one almost unequalled in English history. But since the death of LORD BEACONSFIELD the Liberal leader's political career has been so marked by blunder, by disaster, and by the absence of qualities essential to the statesman who would rule a vast empire such as this is, that it seems amazing that any Briton possessing a spark of patriotism, or the slightest wish of preserving the colonial heritage, should continue to support a party of which MR. GLADSTONE is the political head. His extraordinary and sudden change of front on the Irish question five years ago needs no comment. His gross mismanagement of the GORDON matter, of the New Guinea acquisition, of the negotiations and agreement with the Boers, are a few instances, taken at random, of the manner in which our foreign policy was enacted. Acts were

done or left undone with results that made Britons ashamed of their country; that lowered their reputation throughout all Europe; and that in a very large measure rendered of no value the heroic efforts of the army and navy and the valuable lives which were freely spent. The Federation just closed practically did nothing but debate on Irish matters, attack the House of Lords, congratulate each other on recent victories, and vilify the First Minister and his Cabinet. Not a single measure of practical utility to the English rate-payer, of benefit to the colonial adherent, or towards increasing the power and stability of the Empire generally, was resolved upon.

Mr. Gladstone.

It is difficult to estimate the advantages that would have accrued to the Empire had MR. GLADSTONE ended his political career in 1880. Apart entirely from the changes which would in all probability have resulted in British policy, his time and attention thus freed from the wearying demands of public life would probably have been devoted to those literary pursuits in which he has already won such distinction, and to those many charitable and beneficent undertakings to which the presence of a man of his unquestioned position would have added such *éclat*. Literature, especially, would have been a marked gainer. The facile pen that has contributed so largely to the world's best reading for over fifty years would have gained ample time for a vast increase of its work, which, coming from a man of such recognized literary distinction, would undoubtedly have effected a marvellous degree of good, as MR. GLADSTONE's literary efforts have invariably been directed in favour of true reform, and towards the suppression of cruelty and wrong.

Are the Boodlers to Go Unpunished?

Political attention is now entirely diverted from Ottawa to Quebec, and the proceedings of the Royal Commission promise to be the absorbing topic of the day. But the Dominion Government will make a huge blunder and alienate many votes if it permits the men whose robbery of the public funds has drawn on Canada so much unfavourable notice to escape the legal penalties they deserve. Immediate action in this matter should be taken. If newspaper accounts are correct, these men are back again in Canada, and here they intend to remain, evidently relying on some presumed moderation on the part of the Executive, by which they hope to escape further punishment. The interview with MR. SENECA recently reported exhibits a degree of unblushing effrontery on his part which could scarcely be thought possible had the public not been prepared for any degree of impudence by the perusal of the evidence in which he figured so prominently. The whole country is up in arms now on this and similar matters, and the sooner action is taken, the better for public morality and the better for the Government; their opponents are certain to make the most of every day's delay in meting out punishment to those who have helped themselves so generously from the public purse. Of even greater moment is the effect in England and elsewhere of neglect on the part of our rulers to visit prompt justice on those who have been practically outlawed by Parliament, after having been found guilty of gross malfeasance in office. The inferences that will be drawn by delay are sure to add to the already unsavory reputation that has unfortunately been indiscrimin-

ately attached by those abroad to Canadian departmental legislation. We should strain every nerve towards the removal of this impression; it is a duty to our country.

To Our Subscribers.

Orders for our Christmas Number are now coming in freely; as the edition will be a limited one, we would recommend our friends to send in their orders without delay, and thus ensure prompt delivery.

Literary and Personal Notes.

Ladies will read with interest Grace E. Denison's "How We Ride Our Wheels," in *Outing* for October. Mrs. Denison thoroughly believes in able-bodied women and in cycling as a healthful exercise.

Maria Parloa, the famous domestic writer, has become one of the regular editors of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and will hereafter conduct a department of her own in that periodical.

The depositions regarding the massacre of 1641, during the Irish Rebellion, taken before two commissions, formed thirty-two folio volumes, and are still extant among the manuscripts of Trinity College, Dublin.

James Jeffrey Roche, a Prince Edward Island man by birth, but at present a resident of the United States, is bringing out an English edition of "The Story of the Filibusters," through Mr. T. F. Unwin, of Paternoster Square, London.

Another new book of special interest to Canadians will be "The Life of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Provo Wallis, C.B., by the Rev. J. G. Brighton. Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., London, will be the publishers.

The net personal estate of the late Mr. Barbour, M.P. for Paisley, amounts to over £70,000. After payment of certain legacies the residue is to go equally to the U.P. Church, to Paisley and to one or more of the public schools. He has specially stipulated that in no case shall any of the funds be applied to endowments, but must be expended within fifteen years.

Mr. Wm. Haig Miller, founder and editor of the *Leisure Hour, Sunday at Home*, and author of several well-known works of a religious tone, as "The Mirage of Life," "The Culture of Pleasure," "The Currency Maze," &c., died on the 14th ult. at his residence in Lonsdale Square, Islington, in his 79th year.

A forthcoming book of great interest will be "My Canadian Journal, 1870-78. Extracts from Home Letters written when Lord Dufferin was Governor-General. By the Marchioness of Dufferin. With portraits, map, and illustrations," to be published by John Murray, the well-known London publisher.

Few subjects now exist but have more or less literature devoted to them. A work is coming out in London called "Studies in the Art of Rat-catching," by H. C. Barkley. Our canine friends could, perhaps, give us a few "tips" on this matter. "How to Catch Rats" would have been a more business-like and effective title.

Wolcott Balestier, who has collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in the new novel which *The Century* will publish, is a young American now living in London. He is a writer and a business man as well, being a member of the recently organized firm of Heinemann & Balestier, of Leipsic, which is publishing a series of copyrighted English and American novels on the continent of Europe in the fashion of the Tauchnitz editions.

Mr. M. S. Blaiklock, who has come into prominence as one of the chief assistants in the completion of the St. Clair Tunnel, is a son of Mr. F. W. Blaiklock of this city, and brother of Major Blaiklock of the Royal Scots. He served for many years in the Victoria Rifles, retiring not long ago with the rank of captain. Of unusual stature and great physical strength, he was for a long time prominent in Rugby football circles, being captain of the Britannia club for several seasons. His many friends will be pleased to hear of his success in connection with the great work just completed.



THE MILITARY BUILDINGS ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

Comparatively few of the many thousands of visitors who each season visit the beautiful Island of St. Helen, opposite Montreal, are aware of its interesting military history, and of the existence at its easterly end of several large and formerly massive buildings, used in days gone by in connection with the garrison of Imperial troops which was always maintained there. Its name, "St. Helen," is now over two centuries old, having been given it by Canada's great explorer, Champlain, in honour of his wife, Helene Bouille. The island was afterwards formally granted to Charles Le Moyne, father of the first Baron de Longueuil (under date 30th May, 1664), in whose family it remained until about 1815, when the King obtained it for military purposes, giving its owners in exchange a valuable block of land in the city of Montreal, being the square bounded by Notre Dame, St. Helen, Recollet and St. Peter streets. The buildings on the island, which are shown in our engravings, were erected at this time by the Royal Engineers, and on the removal of Citadel Hill—which had up to this time been the depot for all military stores in use by the garrison—everything of the sort was removed to the island, which thereafter became the district headquarters for munitions of war; a strong garrison was established there and was maintained until the withdrawal of all Her Majesty's troops from Canada in 1870. For a number of years after the latter date a detachment of Canadian regulars from Quebec was stationed there as a guard on the large quantity of military supplies stored in the warehouses; but about ten years ago this body was withdrawn, since which time the buildings have been in the sole custody of a caretaker and his family.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

The 13th of October is one of Canada's greatest anniversaries; and its annual observance all through Ontario is a credit to that province. In one sense, and a very material one, it ranked next to the capture of Detroit as the most substantial victory of the war, inflicting a loss on the American invaders of some 1500 men, of whom 1100 were made prisoners-of-war. The story of the fight has been often told, and it is unnecessary to repeat it here, although it is one that should be familiar to every Canadian, old and young. It is a thing of which to be proud, that by the determination and patriotic energy of a few men, this and other red-letter days which commemorate British-Canadian valour against our old enemy, are deeply impressed on the attention of our boys and girls—those to whom Canada must, in future years, look for the development of her national life. It is worthy of note that the regular troops—detachments of H. M. 41st and 49th foot—formed less than one-half of the total British force engaged. Various companies of the York and Lincoln militia, and about 50 Mohawk Indians, fought side by side with the King's troops, and showed their Loyalist breeding by a steady and unflinching valour. But the death of Sir Isaac Brock neutralized many of the advantages which resulted from the victory. The loss to Canada and the British cause of this truly magnificent leader was irreparable, and no one can follow out the subsequent campaigns without feeling as errors and omissions increase in number. Had Brock lived to direct the well-meaning but incapable Prevost, we would in all probability be spared the existence in our annals of such dark and melancholy episodes as Sackett's Harbour, Moraviantown, and Plattsburg. Our engravings in this connection are one of Brock's monument, one of the base and inscription of same, and an old view of Queenston Heights, taken about 1830. In our issue of 8th November, 1890, will be found full particulars of the erection and subsequent history of this monument, as well as some additional illustrations of its surroundings.

THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HAMILTON.

An engraving of this edifice may be of interest at the present. It was the second Episcopal church built in Hamilton, of which year the corner-stone was laid. It stands on a piece of land which was in 1835 offered by the late Mr. George Hamilton as the site for the first parish church in the city of Hamilton—known as Christ Church—but which was then rejected as not being sufficiently central. The new

church was opened in June, 1851. The first appointment was left in the hands of the Rector of Christ Church, who nominated the Rev. Mr. Ede; but that gentleman was in poor health and could not undertake the duties. The Rev. John Hebdon was then appointed incumbent, and for twenty-seven years he faithfully performed the duties of his sacred office. In 1878 he was succeeded by the Rev. James Carmichael, the present Dean of Montreal, one of the most able, eloquent and popular clergymen in Canada. Mr. Carmichael remained until 1882, when he resigned to return to St. George's, Montreal, and was succeeded by the Rev. Hartley Carmichael, M.A. This talented divine officiated until a year or two ago when he resigned, and was succeeded by the Rev. E. P. Crawford, M.A., the present incumbent. From the beginning the church steadily prospered. A handsome rectory was built in 1861, principally by the exertions of the ladies of the congregation, and a few years later a commodious school house was erected on the ground adjoining the church. As the congregation increased, new galleries were put in, until every inch of space was utilized. But the question of enlargement was abruptly settled by a fire which took place in January, 1887, and which burnt the church to the ground. Steps were promptly taken to erect a new and larger edifice, with such success that on the first of March, 1888, the building, of which we give an illustration on page 380, was consecrated by the Bishop of Niagara; it is a large

and handsome structure and of special prominence in the diocese.

THE DARDANELLES.

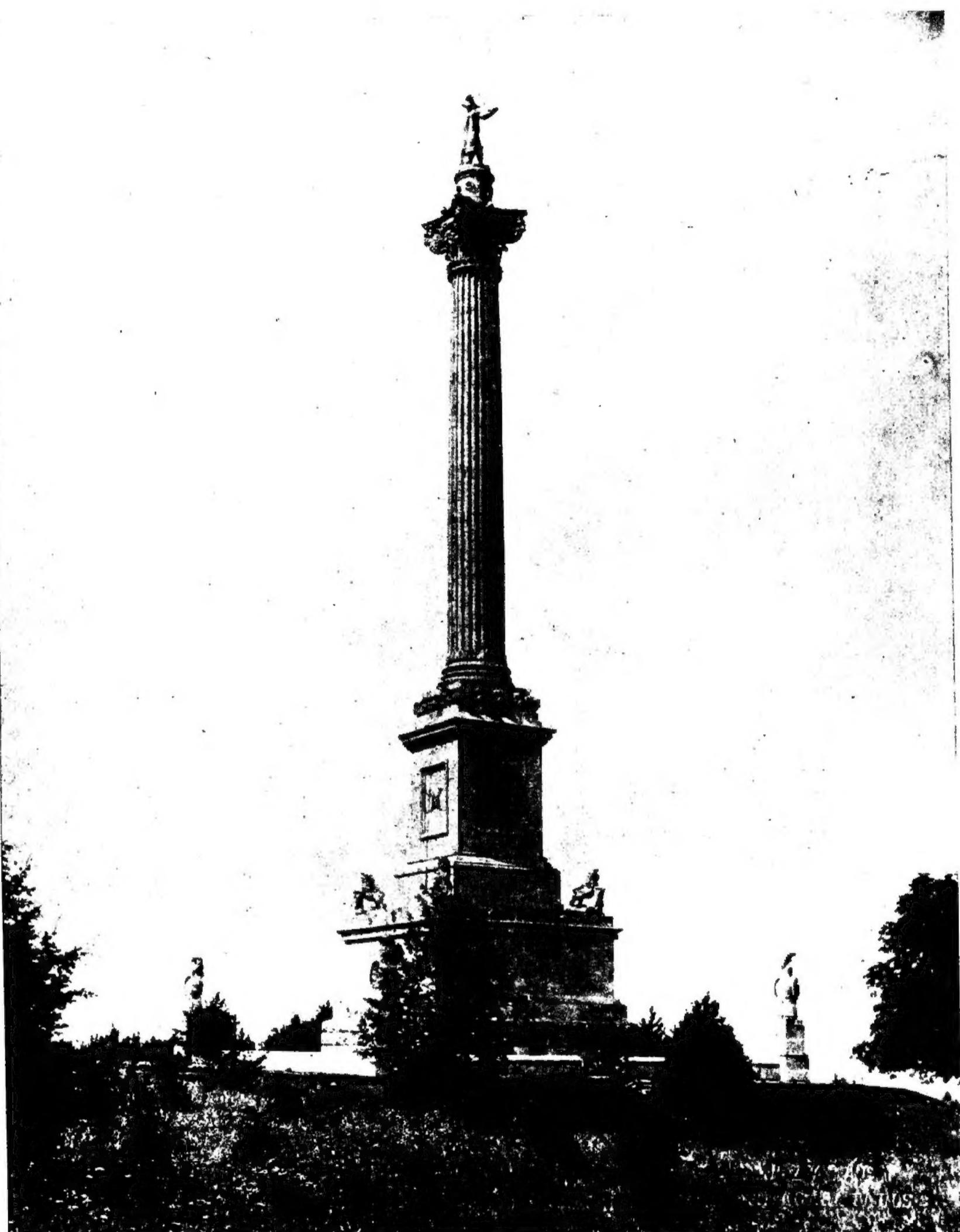
The recent "Dardanelles Incident" and the always problematical condition of affairs in that region, owing to the attitude of Russia and the uncertainty of dependence in the Porte, render of interest the re-production of a map showing the Dardanelles, the Island of Mitylene and the adjacent territories. The persistent efforts of Russia to gain an undisputed outlet from the Black Sea, and the possibilities for Europe should such be acquired, have been the theme of endless discussion and controversy, and the subject is ever and anon endowed with a fresh interest by the occurrence of some incident such as that which recently ruffled the surface of English and Russian diplomacy. Russian aggression and Turkish weakness and vacillation, which also involve the interests of the various states of the Balkan peninsula, are a constant menace to the peace of the Continent, and threaten still as they have threatened in the past to precipitate sooner or later a stupendous conflict.

MONTREAL RIFLE RANGERS.

In our issue of 27th September, appeared a group portrait of members of this corps and an account of the organization, to which our readers are referred in connection with the two engravings which appear this week.



THE DARDANELLES AND ADJACENT LANDS AND WATERS.



BROCK'S MONUMENT, QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.
(Messrs. Zybach & Co., photo.)



THE BASE OF BROCK'S MONUMENT.
(Messrs Zybach & Co., photo.)



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

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The recent excesses by pilgrims at Rome have directed public attention once more to the Eternal City, and to the venerable Pontiff who, owing to the strained relations between the Holy See and the Italian Government, appears to hold his place in Rome by a somewhat uncertain tenure. His Holiness Leo XIII., the 258th Roman Pontiff, is a son of Count Ludovico Pecci, and was born at Carpenito, in the year 1810. From 1818 to 1824, he was a student at the Jesuit College of Viterbo. Later he achieved distinction at the School of Collegio Romano, and passed thence to the College of Noble Ecclesiastics. Having received the degree of D.C.L., he was made, in 1837, by Pope Gregory XVI., Referendary of the Segnatura, and in the same year took holy orders and was consecrated a priest. He received further honours from the Pope, and in 1843 was sent as Papal Nuncio to Belgium. His rise to influence and power in the church was rapid. Shortly after visiting Belgium, he was created Archbishop of Damietta. In 1846 he was

nominated Bishop of Perugia, and was made a Cardinal in 1853. On the 20th of February, 1878, he was elected Pope, and assumed the title of Leo XIII. The Papal Jubilee, in 1887-8, and the universal interest it aroused, are still fresh in the public mind. That event commemorated the 50th anniversary of his assumption of holy orders. Rome was the centre of great rejoicing, and representatives both from Protestant and Catholic states in Europe, from America, the Indies and all parts of the world went there to offer congratulations. The Duke of Norfolk was England's special envoy, and bore a congratulatory address from Her Majesty the Queen, whom, but a short time previously, Leo himself had congratulated upon the celebration of her jubilee. The Pope has throughout his reign manifested a deep interest in the affairs of nations. He was selected as arbiter in the dispute between Germany and Spain over the Caroline Islands. His decree denouncing the Plan of Campaign in Ireland is still fresh in memory as the subject of vigorous

controversy. The question of African slavery has occupied his attention, and he has endeavoured to unite European nations for its suppression. His Holiness takes great interest also in the United States and Canada, and quite a number of distinguished Catholics in this country remember with pride and pleasure that while in Rome they were favoured with an audience with him. He has made strenuous efforts, with more or less success, to increase the friendly relations between the Holy See and the different governments of Europe, a step all the more necessary because of the hostility to himself sometimes so markedly manifest in Italy. The question of his removal from Rome, owing to this hostility, is still a lively subject of discussion. Among distinguished Protestants who have personally visited His Holiness was the Emperor of Germany, who visited him in 1888. The Princess Louise and Marquis of Lorne, when in Rome in March of last year, were granted a private audience. Despite his great age, the venerable Pontiff retains considerable vigour and a lively interest in the affairs of the world by so large a portion of whose people he is regarded with love and veneration.



THE LAKESIDE HOME FOR LITTLE CHILDREN, ON TORONTO ISLAND.

The Lakeside Home for Little Children.

The Lakeside Home for Little Children, on the western point of Toronto Island, which was formally presented to the trustees of the Hospital for Sick Children on September 5th, by Mr. J. Ross Robertson, whose gift it is, was originally founded in 1883, extensions being added in 1886. The entirely new building was erected this spring, at a cost of \$25,000, principally in consequence of the fact that the management of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, of which it is the convalescent annex, has found it imperative to increase its accommodation fourfold. As it stands to-day the Lakeside Home is 165 ft. in length and 100 ft. deep, fronted by a miniature park, which finds its margin at the water's edge. It contains nine wards, exclusive of private wards, which afford accommodation for two hundred children, with additional apartments for fifty nurses and servants; seven bathrooms, fitted up with all the latest improvements in plumbing and porcelain baths, and the numerous other rooms requisite for hospital work. The entire building is heated by hot water and lighted by combined fixtures of gasoline and electricity. A village system of nine telephones is used, and the wards and superintendent's rooms are connected by electric bells. Water is obtained by means of four large tanks, two placed over the main towers, one over the administration wing, and another over the laundry, 30 ft. x 20 ft., in the rear. The laundry is fitted up with steel taps and improved apparatus, the irons being heated at gasoline burners. The handsome reception room is large and well lighted, one end finished in bevelled plate and the other in

stained glass. The operating room is a model of excellence and convenience, with its furniture of cherry of improved pattern for hospital use, its plate-glass shelving, and latest improvements in fittings, chosen in the best surgical establishments on the continent. The physicians' consulting and dispensing rooms are as complete as will be found in any large hospital. A medicine case is placed in each ward pantry, which is also supplied with linen and china closets, a porcelain sink, with hot and cold water appliances, and gasoline stove for the preparation of delicacies. Each ward is also furnished with high and low tables and chairs. Doors open on all sides on to the verandahs, and here cots are wheeled in sunny weather. Besides this a complete gymnasium has been fitted up with appliances suitable for the use of sick children, in fact, in every detail the building has been pronounced perfect. Although the opening has taken place but recently, the children have occupied a portion of the building for the past two months, and here they will remain until the completion of the new building of the Hospital for Sick Children on College street. The heating arrangements are so perfect that in coming years they will be brought over to the Island early in May and retained until October. An excellent view of the building can be obtained from all boats passing the western point of the island into Toronto harbour. Although many a time and oft one is forced to the conclusion that ingratitude is the prevailing characteristic of mankind, surely every tiny inmate of the Lakeside Home for Little Children will forever cherish a memory of quiet hours

passed in that sweet restfulness, which comes to all who struggle with and conquer pain, and especially to those coaxed back to life and health in this, the most perfect children's sanitarium in the world.

James Russell Lowell.

But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar
Where strains celestial blend their notes with thine;
Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier star
Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we resign.

Freedom he found an heirloom from his sires;
Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years in turn;
All went to feed the nation's altar-fires,
Whose mourning children wreath his funeral urn.

From Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem in the October *Atlantic Monthly*.

An American exchange remarks that it is a curious fact that America pays for the privilege of supplying England with cheap reading. The *Century* costs the American 35 cents, while the Britisher gets it for 24 cents. *Harper's* costs 35 cents in the United States, but the Englishman pays only 18 cents for it. Eighteen cents is also the price in Great Britain for the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's* and the rest of them. Besides this the man in New York cannot get his *Century* before the first of the month, while the London man can get the *Century* a week or more in advance of the date of publication.



FALLS OF THE OTTAWA, AT LES CHATS.

(From an old print.)

POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

Each day of the week has its own peculiar character and attractiveness according to the taste and fancy of the individual. Presumably, the washerwoman likes Monday best, because she gains a livelihood on that day it being washing-day. The school teacher probably likes Tuesday better; because the pupils never know their lessons on Monday, the previous holidays of Saturday and Sunday unsettle them. But when I went to school I used to like Wednesday, because it broke the back of the week. Wednesday noon was the middle of the school week; and after that we were sailing towards holidays again, whereas we had been sailing away from them before. It was a case of looking both ways for Sunday, and Saturday, too. When I became a man I put away childish things, and I think I like Thursday as well as any day. I regard it as the afternoon of the week, most of the heat and burden of which is by that time over. Thursday is a great calling day among the ladies in my neighbourhood. Friday ought to be a favourite day with fish dealers, though not with the fish themselves. Saturday forenoon is famous for being very busy, owing to the fact of its being a short day at the bank and a half holiday generally; and there are a thousand and one things to be done all at once. This illustrates the general propensity for putting things off till the last minute. Saturdays, and Wednesdays also, are associated with matinees for ladies and children, and the mild and muffled applause of gloved hands. The last day of the week, Sunday, the day of rest, appropriately concludes this paragraph, enabling the reader to rest from the fatigue of its perusal.

One of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to is interruption. Once having been interrupted, how many things are ever completed? We all know what it is to be interrupted. One sits down to write a letter; and, although everything may have been perfectly quiet for an hour previous, yet as

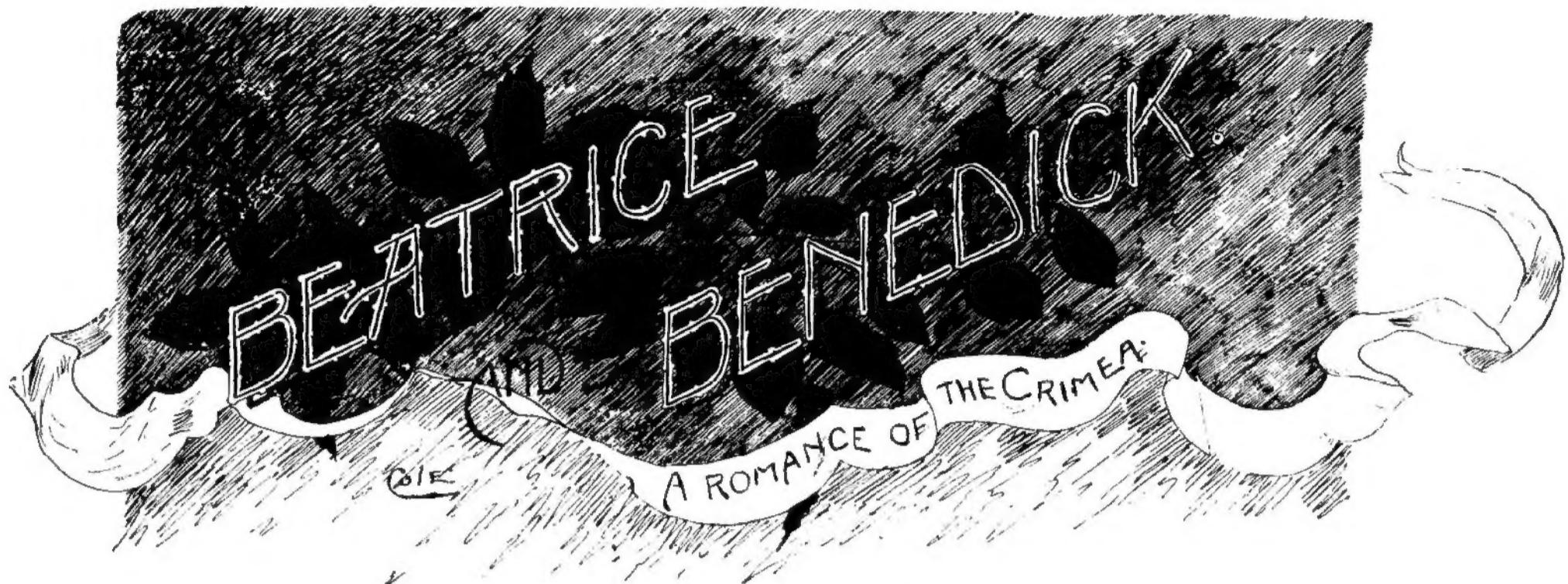
soon as one begins to write it seems as though all of a sudden crowds of people and things spring up to interrupt. To be interrupted in the midst of an inspiration, is fatal to it. To be interrupted in the act of writing a joke, is to forget the point before one gets at it again. To be interrupted while inditing a stanza of poetry is to have the word that would rhyme properly driven completely out of one's memory. No doubt interruption is the fell destroyer of many of the lost works of art in the world. But perhaps it is about time my remarks on interruption were interrupted.

We have all heard of those illiterate but would be-the-proper-thing people, who leave the furnishing of their library to the bookseller; that being the beginning and end of the matter so far as they are concerned. Such a library, like some of the volumes contained in it, is practically a work of fiction; and the books might about as well have sham backs, like some deceptive chess-boards that I have seen. I suspect a similar weakness as to the apartment termed the "study." The cases of brain fever resulting from application within its walls are probably very few indeed. It is the same with the "studio." A friend who is more than usually frank, says he prefers to call it study-o; with the emphasis on the O! But every man must have a "den" of one sort or another; and "den" is a modest and unassuming term, which does not lead people to expect too much.

Mr. Blaine's Canadian Negotiations.

Canadian politics, like our own, are rather cloudy just now, but the government at Ottawa is still in the hands of public men committed to the policy of the late Premier. The negotiations at Washington will probably be conducted, as they would have been had Sir John still lived, by Sir Charles Tupper, who was associated with Mr. Chamberlain in those "fishery negotiations" at Washington, in 1888, with the results of which both Democratic and Republican public men in this country have professed at least a Platonic satisfaction, and to whose thorough fairness and good will towards

the United States Mr. Phelps, the representative in London of President Cleveland's government, bore emphatic public witness at the "Fishmongers" banquet not long before his return to this country. But whoever may conduct the negotiations at Washington, those negotiations must fix public attention upon the question how far the official intromission of the Parliamentary executive of Great Britain in the commercial relations between the Union and the Dominion is an element of mischief, and how far an element of good, in the relations, not only of Canada with the United States, but of the Dominion and the Union, respectively, with Great Britain. This is a cardinal question which seems to me likely to be the most important outcome of Mr. Blaine's Canadian negotiations. If all of us do not soon begin to consider it temperately and judiciously, the time is not far off when it will get itself considered neither temperately nor judiciously. Everybody who has followed, even in the most cursory way, the history of the interminable fishery questions, which have been debated and discussed almost to the fighting point between London and Washington during the last two generations, must be aware that the complication of purely Canadian and American with purely British issues has been, throughout all these discussions and debates, a permanent source of confusion and irritation. Is the "commercial belligerency" of the present moment between the Dominion and the Union anything more than an incident of the "commercial belligerency" developed by our system of protection between the United States and the United Kingdom? Doubtless it is made more acute and therefore more costly to the taxpayers, upon whom the burden of this sort, as of all sorts, of "belligerency" eventually falls, by the unwise attempt of Canadians to seek prosperity through protection. But would not the prospect of relief from it through some diplomatic transaction be brighter than it is now were such a transaction to be carried on exclusively between Ottawa and Washington? Is not the direct and, indeed, primary participation of the British Foreign Office in any such transaction between the Dominion and the Union likely to impede rather than to further its success.—From "Reciprocity and Canada," by William Henry Hurlbert, in *North American Review* for October.



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XVII.—THE LYNDENS LEVANT.



being at the door, she ventured to ask her mistress where letters were to be forwarded to, Miss Lynden should reply that such letters as might come could wait, that their plans were still unform'd, and that she would let her know where to forward them as soon as they were settled.

At the station they separated, Miss Smerdon returning to Monmouthshire and the Doctor and his daughter taking a train to London. Frances was really very much distressed at parting with her friend; she did not understand it at all, but she had a vague idea that something dreadful had happened and that there was more trouble in store for Nell Lynden. Of what description she could not conjecture, but what could be the meaning of this sudden and mysterious journey. Nell herself had said more than once that she neither knew why or where they were going, and then Miss Smerdon's thoughts wandered, as they were rather given to do, off to the Crimea, and she wondered after all if it were possible that that was their destination. Could it be that the Doctor, moved by the trouble in his daughter's face, had suddenly determined to take her out to the East, and see if they could discover what had become of Hugh Fleming. Dr. Lynden, she knew, was an excellent linguist, not only perfectly *au courant* with the continent, but also with a singularly comprehensive knowledge of the Chersonese and adjoining countries. Had he been only more sympathetic on the subject of Nell's engagement, she would have felt certain that that was a solution of the mystery, but he had always shown himself so utterly indifferent to it that,

only Nell had assured her to the contrary, she would have thought him unaware that it existed. He hardly ever mentioned Fleming's name, and then it was in quite as casual a manner as that of any other of the officers of the regiment he had known during their stay in Manchester.

No, thought Frances, the Doctor's very wise and very clever, he's fond of Nell in his way and he's very kind to me. But he's as dear and selfish an old thing as ever I met with, and it's my private conviction that he not only wouldn't care, but he'd rather prefer not to see Hugh Fleming again. He's an active and energetic man enough, and if he seems to live a lazy life at Manchester, it's not from natural indolence, but I don't think he'd make a pilgrimage to find Hugh Fleming, and if it is not that, what on earth is it? The thing that seems to interest him most, now that hostilities have virtually ceased in the Crimea, is where they are to commence again. How I wish I knew what they were all about out there. If one could but see what they were all doing." And then Miss Smerdon became guiltily conscious that this general anxiety about the doings of the Crimean army was a rather garbled statement of her desires; and that what Major Byng might be about, and what had become of Hugh Fleming, would have amply satisfied her curiosity.

"My darling Nell," she murmured, "I do trust things will all come right in the end for you; but it will be dreadful not to hear from you—not even to know where you are."

The day after the Doctor's departure Police-constable Tarrant was informed, previous to going on duty, that he was wanted in the Chief's office. Police-constable Tarrant prepared to obey the summons with no little discomposure. His interviews with his superiors so far had generally resulted in somewhat sharp strictures upon his conduct, and he felt dubious as to whether commendation was likely to be his lot upon this occasion. However, in compliance with the order he made his way thither, and found the Chief Constable and Sergeant Evans sitting in conclave.

"Tarrant," said the Chief, "your instructions have been for some time past to keep an eye upon Dr. Lynden's house. Have you anything special to report concerning it?"

"Nothing," replied Dick. "I've mentioned that two or three suspicious characters had gone in at that very suspicious side door during the last month."

"Yes," replied the Chief; "quite so, you mentioned that," and here he threw a significant glance at Sergeant Evans. "By the way, you weren't on the beat yesterday?"

"No, sir," rejoined Dick.

"That wouldn't matter much to Tarrant, sir," remarked Evans, with an amused though wicked look in his eyes. "He has exceptional means of knowing all that goes on in that house. Never mind, my man," he continued, as Dick looked apprehensively at the Chief and evidently waxed very uncomfortable, "I'm not going to betray confidences, men of the world don't talk of these little affairs. The day before yesterday you were on duty there, you neither heard of, nor noticed anything unusual going on in the family."

"No," was the reply.

"That will do, Tarrant," said the sergeant suavely, "you can't do better than continue to keep an eye upon Dr. Lynden's, and I shouldn't wonder if we had to take you on the detective staff before long," and there was a ring of irony in the concluding sentence that penetrated even Dick's armour of conceit.

Police-constable Tarrant felt an uncomfortable conviction that there was something wrong somewhere, and as he started for his beat, resolved to call at the house and tell Polly he must see her. By the time he had carried out his intention the Doctor had been gone four-and-twenty hours. Miss Phybbs opened the door for him in person, and started with no little dismay upon seeing who the visitor was. She knew that it must come and she had made up her mind to break it, but she felt sure that Dick would be very angry that he had not been informed of the Doctor's departure yesterday. She was a plucky and a high-spirited young woman till it came to confronting her cousin Dick, but when he railed at her she would merely hang her head and make no reply. What she saw in him—why she should bear tamely from him what she would stand from no one else, was inexplicable to all her friends; but it can only be said it was so. After all there is nothing new in it. Clever and pretty women who, from time immemorial, for reasons inscrutable, have allowed themselves to be bullied by mean and contemptible men.

"How are you, Polly?" said Dick. "You must manage to slip out for half-an-hour as soon as you can. I want to talk to you badly."

"Well, Dick, you can talk here as soon as you like. Won't you come in? There's nobody at home."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick, with eyes open wide from astonishment. "You don't mean I'm to come in, do you?"

He had never ventured yet to cross the Doctor's threshold.

"Yes I do. They are all gone away—they went yesterday morning," replied Polly, setting her face hard in anticipation of the storm that was coming.

"Gone away!" thundered Dick. "What's the use of your keeping an eye on him, I should like to know, if you allow him to go away?"

"Why, how can I prevent them?"

"Prevent them, indeed!" said the now angry Tarrant. "Why, they couldn't go away without your seeing them, I suppose. Wasn't it clearly your duty to communicate with me? You don't suppose the law would allow them to go away, do you?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Polly meekly. "They told us suddenly yesterday morning that they were going to town, and in two or three hours they went. They kept me pretty busy, too, all the time. How was I to let you know?"

It could hardly be expected that Polly would own that she had been pretty well convinced of their intentions twenty-four hours before that.

"Bah!" returned Constable Tarrant. "I'm disgusted with you. I looked upon you as a gal with gumption, and any gal with gumption would have known they were going away long before. But that's the way with all you women. You're all idleness, vanity and conceit. Instead of keeping your eye on the Doctor you were keeping it on your looking-glass. Instead of thinking of my interests you were thinking about the colour of your bonnet strings."

"Indeed, Dick—indeed, they gave us no notice," said the girl, pleadingly.

"Oh, go away; it just makes me sick. All the men I used to read about when I was at school was always brought to grief by women. Now you've just gone and ruined my prospects, and I hope you're satisfied."

It is not very likely that Mr. Tarrant's prospects were impaired by his not having conveyed the meditated departure of the Doctor to his superiors. He was a man of that kind that may be considered meritorious if they only succeed in retaining the position in life in which they started.

"No Polly, I've stuck to you through thick and thin, although I've known all along as you weren't a woman calculated to help a fellow along in the world, but this settles it. I cast you off now forever."

There was one part of Mr. Tarrant's speech which was undoubtedly true. He had stuck to Polly for some years, and it would have been very much to that young woman's advantage if he had not. Now her opportunity had come. He offered her release, but do you suppose that he thought any more than you or I do, that she would take advantage of it. That she would recognize that she was well quit of a lazy, worthless, contemptible hound. Not she. She did just as such women will, she metaphorically clutched this worthless idol of hers from what can be only adequately described as sheer cussedness. She shed tears and implored Dick to forgive her, and Police-constable Tarrant, after bullying her for half an hour, finally descended to kiss, forgive, and borrow half a sovereign from her, and then stalked forth to resume his official duties, and actually ruminate over whether Sergeant Evans was aware of the Doctor's departure.

Sergeant Evans had acquired his information by sheer accident, an acquaintance who happened to have witnessed the Doctor's exodus mentioning it as a bit of casual gossip, and the Sergeant was quite aware that he had no grounds whatever for interfering with him in any way. The man was eccentric—an enigma if you like; but Evans could not honestly say that he suspected him to be a coiner. He had no earthly right to search the Doctor's residence, but he felt that it would be a great satisfaction to him if he could have a look through that laboratory of which Constable Tarrant had given such a glowing description.

It is true that Constable Tarrant had never seen it, but that did not hinder him from giving a fictitious account of it, and the difficulty he had about obtaining admittance. He thought it advanced him in the eyes of his superiors, and showed zeal and intelligence in the performance of his duty.

It was merely a whim, the Sergeant thought, as he turned the thing over in his mind; but still it was a whim it should be easy to gratify. He had al-

ready a suspicion that Mr. Tarrant's accuracy was not quite to be depended on, but if there was a young woman in the house who was a bit sweet upon him, he ought surely to have no difficulty in persuading her to let himself and a friend have a peep into the mysterious chamber.

"Workshop of a great chemist—the sanctum of a celebrated man! and all that sort of flummery. Myself a disciple—humble admirer of the famous Dr. Lynden. Yes, that's the caper. Tarrant's not very bright, but he surely ought to have no difficulty in working that. It isn't business, I know; but we've all our weaknesses, and I really am curious to know what's the Doctor's little game."

The Sergeant lost no time in explaining to Dick what he expected of him, and in a few days, by a judicious mixture of coaxing and bullying, that worthy had extorted a promise from Phybbs that she would allow them to look into the laboratory, upon the condition that they didn't pull things about. To this Dick willingly pledged himself, and at once informed his superior officer of his success. Miss Phybbs' time being now at her disposal, it was settled that they should proceed to the Doctor's house the next day, and there Polly received them, and was favoured with a somewhat fervid rhapsody on her master's transcendent talents, by Sergeant Evans. Rigidly as the Doctor had kept the door of the laboratory locked while at home it had struck Polly as singular that he should have left the key almost ostentatiously on his dressing-table on going away. She led the way and the two men followed her. Tarrant felt confident that they were on the verge of discoveries, and that Evans' practised eye would speedily seize upon indications of coining. Polly threw open the door, and Tarrant, to whom the fittings of a laboratory presented themselves for the first time, had no doubt that his suspicions were fully confirmed, and that all the necessaries for coining on a large scale met his gaze. He was about to appeal to the Sergeant when a prompt frown warned him to hold his tongue. Evans, in his assumed character of a profound admirer of the great man, throwing himself into a quaint armchair requested them not to speak to him.

Tarrant meanwhile went fussing about, peering into crucibles, peeping into retorts, and poking his nose into drawers, under the profound impression that he was playing the detective officer to the life. The Sergeant never moved from his chair, but his restless eyes roved incessantly round the room. His lip curled contemptuously as he thought, "What an old fool I am, coming; there's not a sign of it. Why on earth should one imagine that he was other than what he professed—a man with a fad for chemistry, and who is occasionally visited by friends with similar tastes. Never recollect hearing, though, of a lady addicted to smart bonnets being given that way. Odd! To be sure it's no business of mine," and here his eye fell upon the empty grate, where it was apparent a considerable number of letters and papers had been recently burnt; some few indeed yet remained. The officer rose from his chair, and seeing that his companions were too occupied with each other to notice him, picked up the half-burnt papers and slipped them into his pocket; and then quietly returning to his seat, once more let his eyes rove round the apartment.

Polly was far too deeply interested in Dick's investigations to think of anything else. He had told her that the crucibles, &c., were all conclusive evidence of the manufacture of spurious money.

"Yes," he said, "all we want to do now is to find two or three bits of bad money, and then the case is complete; and it will be I, Constable Richard Tarrant, who will have led to the conviction of the most notorious forger of the day."

"I or," said Polly, "I should never have guessed what all these pots and bottles were for; but he don't seem much interested Dick," and she cast a look towards the Sergeant, who had risen from his chair, and strolled towards the writing table, a waste paper basket standing near which had attracted his attention. On seeing that he was observed, the Sergeant, presumably in his confusion, dropped his hat, and when he had recovered it, the few torn letters that the basket contained were no longer there.

Evans now seemed to have worshipped sufficiently at the shrine of the great man for whom he expressed such reverence, and thanking Polly profusely for having admitted him to the workshop of the famous Dr. Lynden, intimated that it was time to go. Tarrant knew better than not to promptly respond to his superior's hint, and having taken leave of Miss Phybbs, the pair were quickly in the street.

"Pretty strong that," quoth Constable Tarrant, exultingly, "I should think there's enough evidence there to convict—"

"You, of being the biggest fool in the force," quoth Sergeant Evans, with more brevity than politeness, and with that he left Mr. Tarrant to his own reflections.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WINTER QUARTERS.

The great siege was over, and the Army, like the Doctor, was speculating and wondering what next. One thing seemed pretty clear, that the belligerents who were round Sebastopol both desired repose after the tremendous struggle of the last twelve-month. It was pretty confidently believed that although there might be no armistice, there would certainly be no further hostilities until the spring came round again.

Our old friends the —th had left the lines they had lived in so long, and marched down to join the newly-formed second brigade of the Highland Division which was occupying the Vanoutka Pass. What a change it was, and how they all revelled in it, after the hot, dusty plateau! To sit outside the huts here and smoke, and look down the gorge thickly wooded with scrub, which led to the glittering waters of the Black Sea; or to get on the ponies, canter through the Pass, and picnic in the lovely valley of Baidar, and reflect how hard it was upon the luckless Tartars who had to evacuate their pretty village therein—all that was luxury. There were no trenches nowadays. As Tom Byng remarked:

"It seems as if we'd all come up here for the holidays, and had nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves."

To a regiment worked as this had been, such easy work as road making or carrying up boards and stores over the hill from Balaklava, was child's play. They were in the early days of October now—bright, clear, sunshiny days, with just that touch of crispness in the air which always characterizes the "chill" month of the year. What bathing parties there were after parade, to ride down that rugged gorge and take a header into the Euxine. How those recreants who voted it was getting too cold were chaffed and chivied into their huts, only to reappear with their towels in compliance with popular opinion. There was little fear of the army not having a good time this winter. Stores there were in abundance, not a regiment that did not bid fair to be well hatted before the winter set in, and as for kit, it looked as if each British soldier would require a bullock trunk to himself whenever it came to moving again. Filled with remorse for the sufferings the army had undergone the first winter, the nation were determined that there should be no recurrence of such in the second. They had perhaps gone rather into the opposite extreme, and the private soldier was served out with what his officers speedily determined to be an unfortunate superfluity of clothing. In grateful acknowledgment of the care they were taking of him the soldier had a knack of putting *all* his warm clothing on at once, and when a man is encumbered with a fur-lined jacket, a great coat, and a waterproof over all, he is not so useful on a working party as he might be. A wonderful find, too, had occurred to the —th. They had discovered in the gorge before mentioned two large wood stacks of cedar, all chopped up into logs suitable for firewood. All the previous winter the ground had been in the possession of the Russians, and it had presumably been cut and stacked by them, and abandoned when they withdrew their troops and ceased any longer to menace Balaklava.

Tom Byng, who occupies a hut slightly detached from what might be designated the "Officers' Barracks," is smoking a pipe in front of his dwelling, in all the abandon of his shirt sleeves, when his

attention is aroused by the sound of his name being freely bandied about in the huts just below. Glancing that way, he sees a Cossack with long lance and a wiry little steed, and wonders not a little how he came there. He certainly didn't come down the pass, or he should have seen him; he must have come up the road from Kamara. Next it becomes evident from the shouts of his brother officers that the business of the Cossack is with himself. Tom accordingly walks down towards the mess hut, but the easiness of his attire makes the Cossack doubtful as to his being a field officer of the British Army. Reassured, however, by some of those more correctly attired, he salutes and hands Tom a letter in a woman's handwriting.

"How the deuce did he come here?" asked Tom of his brother officers as he took the missive.

"Well, he must have come down Mackenzie's Heights," said one of them, "for he's got a safe conduct from the commanding officer of the Sardinians on Traktir Bridge. There is nobody can make him understand a word we say, though we've tried him in all the tongues we know; we even had Mickey Flinn up to act as interpreter," continued the speaker, laughing, "on the strength of his having declared our friend there to be a Kerry man. However, his mission apparently is to bring you that note."

Tom tore it open, glanced hastily over it, and then gave a loud hurrah!

"Here you are, you fellows," he exclaimed, "the best bit of news that's come our way for ever so long. Hugh Fleming's all right, at least when I say all right he's alive and there's a hope he'll pull through. Here you Flinn," he continued, singling out Mickey from a group of soldiers who were watching the proceedings from a respectful distance, "I don't know whether he's a Kerry man or not, but give him something to eat and drink and take care of him," and the Cossack quickly interpreting the signs that meat and drink awaited him, resigned himself at once to the charge of Mickey Flinn and his comrades. Tom then turned into the mess hut, followed by three or four of his brother officers.

"Fleming don't write himself," said Brydon, "it's not his hand-writing, surely."

"No," replied Tom, "my correspondent is a lady. I'll read you her letter. She writes in French, which though I can't speak I can read."

"October 4th."

"Monsieur,—I write at the request of Captain Fleming, of your regiment, to inform you that we now hope he will do well. He was badly wounded in the last terrible day of the siege, a day the horrors of which I shall never forget, should I live to be a hundred. Like many other ladies, I have devoted myself to nursing the wounded, but ah, Monsieur! on that dreadful day what could we do! Our streets were strewn with the dead and dying, our hospitals were full to overflowing. In the retreat which followed, some of our wounded were sent across the harbour, and some were sent to Batchi Serai. Ah, such a terrible march! and it was pitiful to see how our poor patients suffered. Amongst them was Captain Fleming, and the uniform told me he belonged to the same regiment as yourself. It was enough—a life for a life. I had vowed weeks before that if ever anyone of that regiment fell to my care, if devoted nursing could save him he should have it.

"Ah, Monsieur, I owe you a great deal of gratitude, and for your sake, the whole of your gallant corps. You saved the life of my only brother—you robbed him of the results of his daring enterprise, but you saved his life. Captain Fleming has hovered between life and death for weeks, but our doctors now hold forth hopes. It will be my pride to restore him to you cured, when our rulers permit. He will write to you himself as soon as he is able, but he is too weak to hold a pen at present.

"Accept, Monsieur, the profoundest assurances of my gratitude and friendship.—Yours very faithfully,

"MARIE IVANHOFF."

"Well," said Brydon, as Byng finished, "I'm awfully glad Hugh Fleming is alive and likely to get all right again. You seem to have unwittingly done him a good turn in saving Ivanhoff's life,

whoever he may be. Do you recollect anything about it?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom: "I never knew his name, but the writer of this can only be the sister of the spy I took that day in the advance. I remember now he enquired particularly what my name was before he was marched off to Head-quarters."

"I suppose they've got him in prison somewhere down at Constantinople," said Brydon.

"I fancy so," said Byng. "I only know that he was shipped off from this to be detained as a prisoner."

"Fleming's very fortunate," said the surgeon of the regiment, who had been listening to the discussion. "We have seen what the inside of Sebastopol is like; the place literally reeks of carnage. Any fellow badly wounded the last few days of the siege stood but a poor chance of pulling through there. Batchi Serai I believe to be a charming place; I only hope we shall have a chance to see it next spring."

"That'll depend, Doctor," said Brydon, with a quiet smile. "How many of us get up Mackenzie Heights. The Russians will very likely set us a pretty stiff nut to crack there."

And then a lively discussion ensued as to in what direction the advance would be made next year, in the midst of which Tom Byng suddenly recollects that it was incumbent upon him to write a letter to Hugh, and also another of thanks to Mademoiselle Ivanhoff, for all her care and attention, preparatory to the return of the warrior of the Don to his own people. These ready, the Cossack was soon discovered fraternising amazingly with the little knot of soldiers under the presidency of Mickey Flinn, and after grinning a farewell to his entertainers, departed in the direction of the Tchernaya with Tom's missives.

One of the first things that occurred to Byng after his emissary had departed was that he must now write to Miss Lynden, and tell her about Hugh. He had rather expected to hear from that young lady and singularly enough had been a little disappointed that he had not done so. Why he should be anxious to hear from Nellie, it would be hard to say, but that her letters usually contained some allusion to Frances Smerdon may perhaps account for it.

"They are all alike," he muttered, puffing savagely at his pipe. "There's Hugh, now he's got a bit round, fretting his heart out about that girl, and she—well she's apparently resigned and prepared for the worst. Shouldn't wonder if she will feel as disappointed as Jim Lockwood vowed the regiment all were, at my coming to life again. Daresay she thinks one sweetheart at home worth half a dozen in the Crimea.—There! what a brute I am to go on abusing as nice a girl as ever I met. Don't I know she's been crying her eyes out about Hugh. I don't know what's come to me of late. Getting sick of the whole beastly business, I suppose, or else my liver's out of order. Now you fellows," he continued, addressing two or three of his brother officers, who were lounging in front of the mess hut, "Who's for a canter to the Phoros Pass and back."

Tom Byng's discontent with womankind would have been very much modified had he made a different reply to Miss Smerdon's note. Frances only wanted encouragement to open a very hot correspondence with Major Byng; but he was not very likely to hear from her, or even of her, again now. He couldn't guess that Miss Lynden and her father had disappeared from all knowledge of their friends and even that the letter he had just written to her was destined to be many a long day before it reached her hands. Indeed Tom Byng was fated to be kept in profound ignorance of all that was happening to his late friends, not only until he reached England, but even for some time afterwards. They had a glorious ride that afternoon, through the valleys of Vanoutka and Baidar, right away through that quaint rocky arch which forms the Phoros Pass till they stood on the winding road on the edge of the cliffs that leads to Aloutka, with the Black Sea shimmering in the light of the setting sun like a placid lake at their feet. Who could have thought to look at that now tranquil piece of water it could have wrought such wild work as it had last November, when it had thrown big ships

about as if they had been corks, and sent the "Black Prince," crammed with urgently wanted stores, pitilessly to the bottom.

Then they turned the ponies about and rode homewards with an assurance very different from that of the bulk of the army the preceding October, to wit that they would find a plentiful and comfortable dinner awaiting them.

"Well," said Tom Byng, as they entered the mess hut, "this is a considerable improvement from what we know our fellows had to go through last winter. Talk about campaigning! It would trouble you to improve much upon this, even at home. Show me a mess-room in England where the sybarites have got a fireplace like that, and with cedar logs burning in it."

"Yes," said Brydon, "the room quite smells as if we were a disappointed sketching party burning our pencils. What's dining on silver, to dining with such appetites as we've got? And then to think that we've done with all that confounded trenchwork."

"Yes," rejoined Tom, "whatever may be before us next spring, I devoutly hope we shan't be in for another siege. It's our first experience of the real thing, and we'll trust the fighting will take some other form in future."

The mess of the —th was indeed a noble apartment for a regiment in the field. Four officers' quarters had been thrown together to form it, and a large brick fireplace and chimney built in at one side. Grate there was none; there was a large open chimney place such as you may see in old castles and country houses in England, meant only for the burning of wood, and therein flamed night and day two or three mighty cedar logs, which were constantly replenished; for that fire was attended with as much devotion through the long winter as if it had been the sacred flame of a Parsee temple. Many were the banquets and revels that took place in that wooden hut.

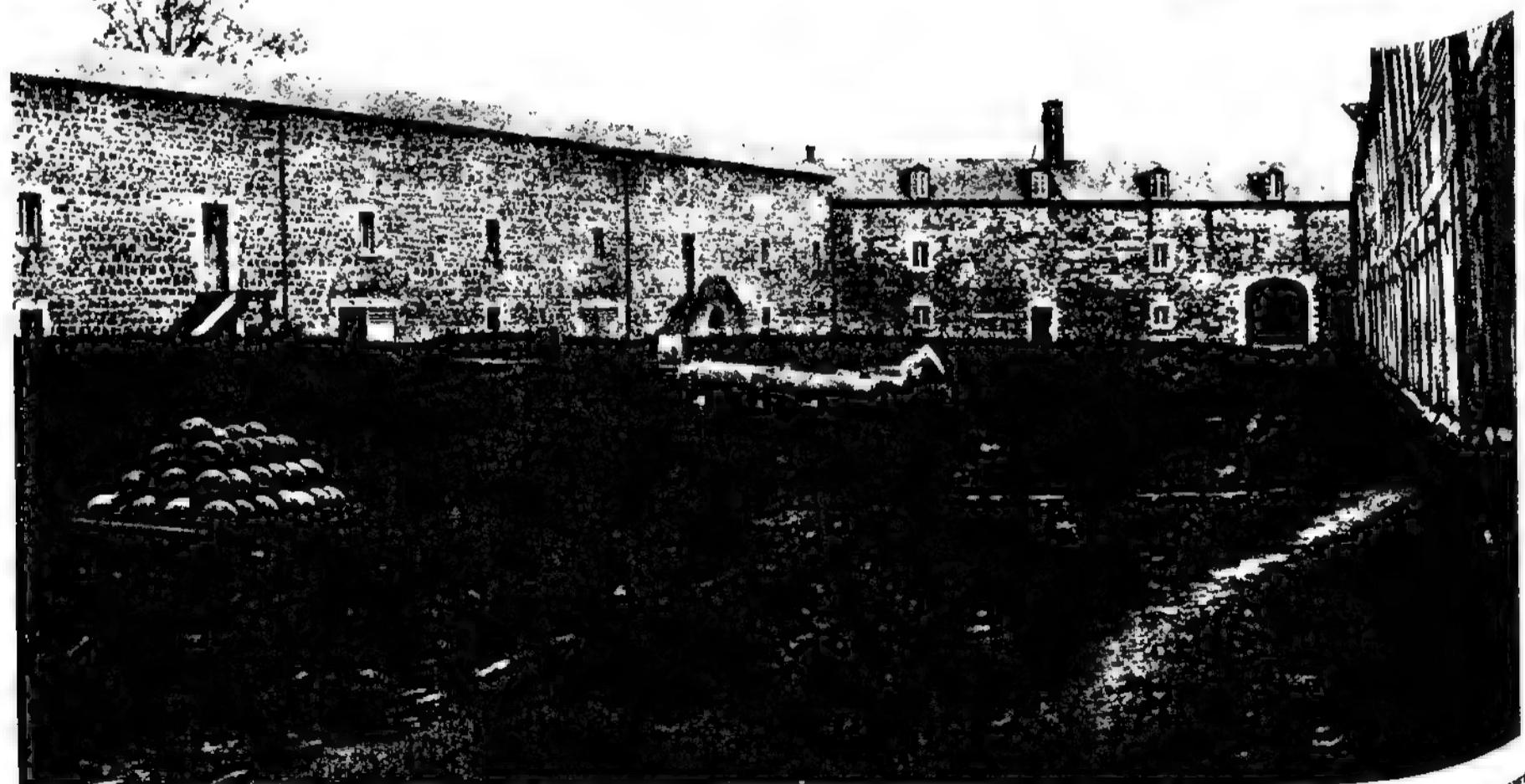
If the regiment had not shared in the fasting of the previous winter they were well to the fore in the feasting of this, and an invitation to dine at the —th was a thing that quite warranted the rejection of most previous engagements. Scores were plenty at Balaklava, and they were no great distance from that place; while the mess committee had thrown themselves heartily into their work, and developed a pretty taste for foraging of which they had hitherto been unsuspected.

The days drew in; Christmas is creeping upon them. The cold increases, and the first snowstorms come driving across the Steppes, as if to warn them that the last winter was by no means exceptional, but that the Crimean climate is as rigorous at that season as ever it is in England. But what are cold and snow to men with plenty to eat, lots of warm clothing, good fires and warm huts?

Assuredly the Army made light of its troubles that winter. There were private theatricals and lots of entertainments that Christmas time. A popular man might find his engagement list as well filled as in the London season. The soldiers, too, waxed fat and healthy—the hospitals were almost empty; and when Luders saw, as he did when the spring came round, those twenty-eight thousand Englishmen march past on the plateau of Sebastopol, he might well look with admiration on them. They were all grit. All the weakly stuff had died out of them; what was left was the seasoned wood—the genuine article.

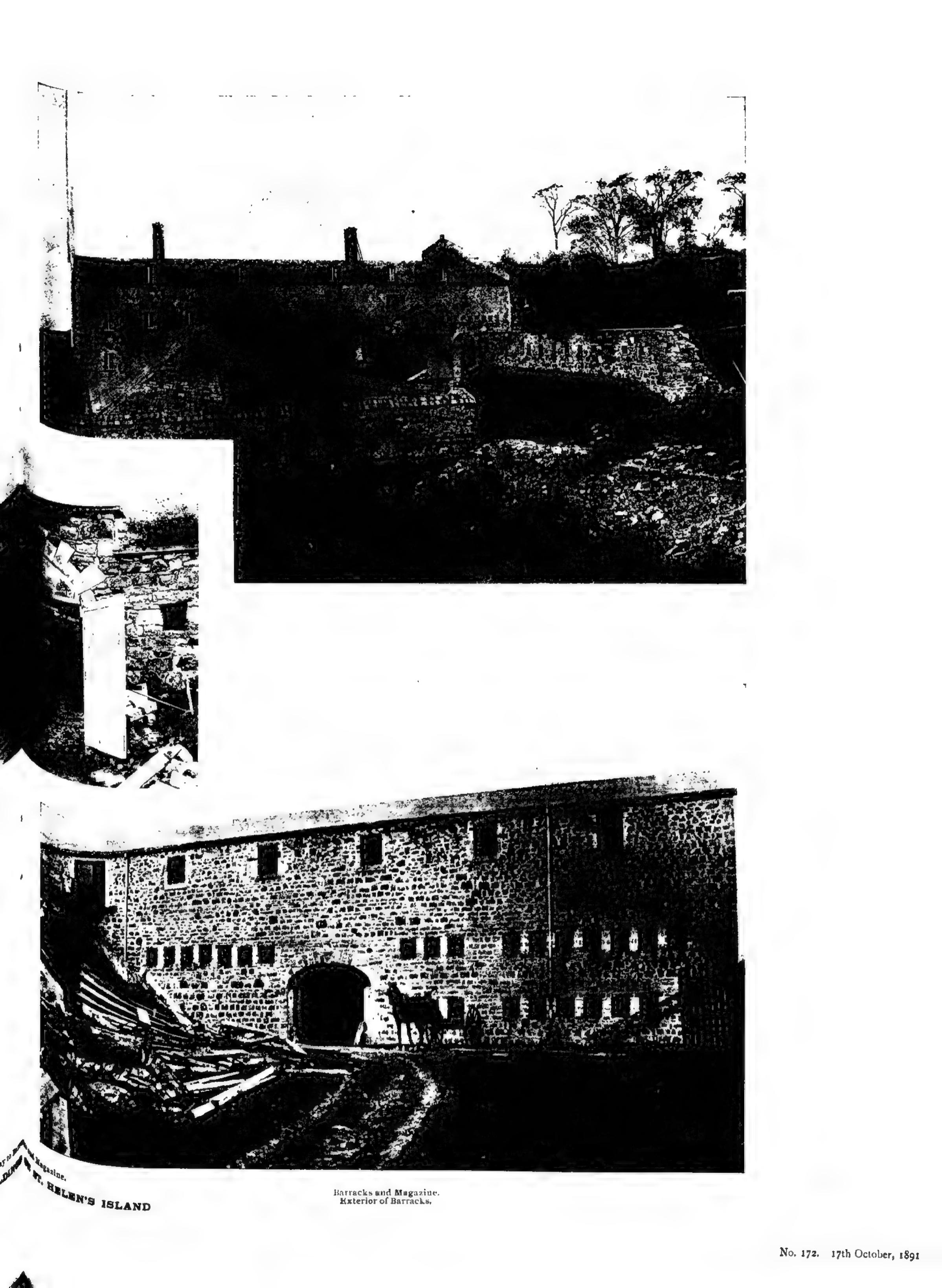
That the genuine article drank hard I am afraid must be admitted. I daresay they passed the wine cup pretty freely at Capua, at all events they did in the Crimea. British philanthropy, ever on the *qui vive*, was naturally very much exercised at this, and mooted several schemes for the more profitable expenditure of the soldiers' money. One philanthropic watch-maker indeed was so moved at these rumours that he suggested the superfluous pay of the soldier should be utilised for the purchase of one of his firm's silver lever mounted watches; but this proposal was not cordially met, though as one of the doggerel bards of the camp sang at the time:

"Who can doubt of the chime
Of our marking time,
When it's done by a Jones' watch?"
(To be continued.)



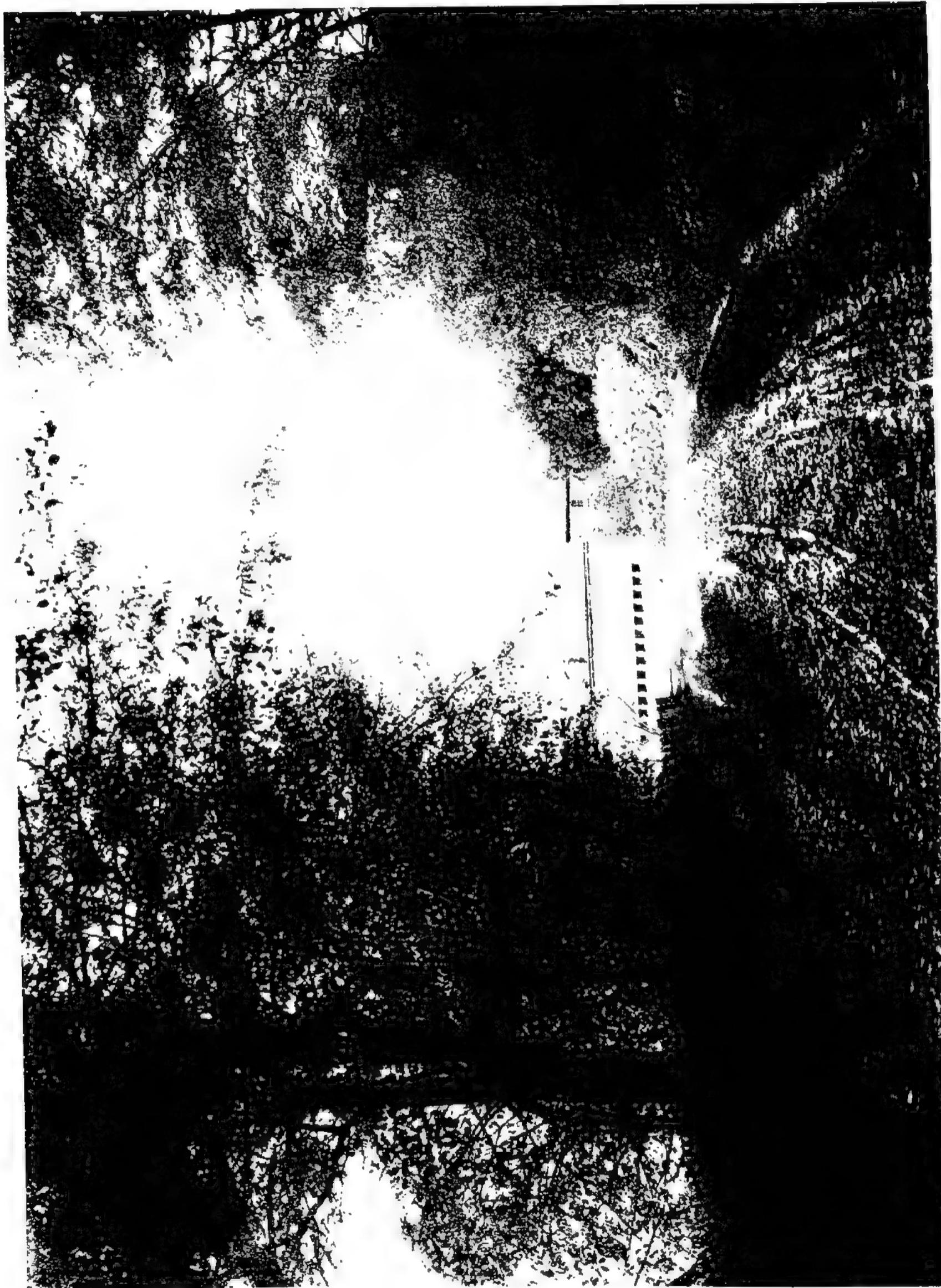
The Old Blockhouse
Courtyard in Centre of Store Sheds.

OLD MILITARY BUILDINGS
Gateway to



Barracks and Magazine.
Exterior of Barracks.

Magazine,
St. HELEN'S ISLAND



ROAD LEADING TO THE BARRACKS.
ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



THE MILITARY CEMETERY.



STORE SHEDS FROM THE RIVER.
ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

THREE LUCKY HUNTSMEN.

(For the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

A number of years ago, when I was only a boy, there used to be many bears around Black River, a place about twenty-five or thirty miles south of Kamouraska. As the bear's skin was usually worth seven or eight dollars, hunting in the woods, where bears were numerous, was not an unprofitable business. Many hunters used to trap the animals exclusively for a few weeks every spring and fall. Of course, as may be supposed, the boys in our neighbourhood were intensely interested in bear hunting.

So it came about that on the summer of my story, during my holidays, I was asked by a huntsman to accompany him and his son, for a few weeks, on a trip for bear hunting.

We left Kamouraska early in the morning, with a large trap that my companion had bought.

Many of my readers have never seen a bear trap. It resembles a steel rat trap of an enormous size, as much as anything I can liken it to. Our trap was about as heavy as any boy could comfortably lift, and probably weighed from seventy to seventy-five pounds. At the end of the jaws were very large stiff steel springs: and the jaws themselves were armed with formidable iron teeth, which, when they sprang together, were designed to strike into the leg of the bear and prevent him from pulling his foot out. The trencher was as large over as a primary geography book. Attached to a ring in the bed-piece there was a strong chain, about four feet in length. In the end of this chain was a larger ring for the clog. The clog is a log of green wood, three or four feet long, which is thrust into this ring to be dragged with the trap, to help tire down the bear and prevent him from running off to so great a distance.

It is not customary to chain a bear trap fast to a tree or a post, lest the bear, in the heat of his fury when he is first caught, might break the trap or wrench his leg out. It is better to let him run a while, and in that way exhaust himself.

To the northwest of the neighbourhood where we set our camp there was a mountain, the sides of which were in part cleared up, and used as a pasture for sheep. Beyond the clearing an unbroken forest stretched away toward the lake region. Bears would frequently come out of the woods into the pastures and take a sheep. Sometimes four or five would be taken in a single night.

We set our trap for the first time in a little path leading back round the mountain from the pastures on the north side. To bend down the strong springs we had to use a heavy lever, and once it sprung just as we were putting up the trencher prop, and came near catching the leg of one of my comrades. We covered the trap with grass and dry leaves, and thus left it for the first bear that might have the ill-fortune to come that way. But, as it chanced, our first catch was quite a different sort.

The upper parts of the mountain abounded in ledges, which were covered with blueberry bushes. In September many persons used to go there to gather the berries. Upon a little clearing below the mountain, on the shore of the lake, there lived with her daughter an old woman who was known as "Mother Nip." About three days after we had set our trap, Mother Nip and her daughter were blueberrying on the mountain, and in their wanderings came along the little path where the trap lay hidden.

The old woman stepped plump into it. In springing, one of the jaws struck her pail of berries and hurled it—so they said—fully twenty feet into the air. Luckily for her, she was a very stout, fleshy person, else her ankle must have been broken; as it was, the trap with its teeth gave her a terrible grip. Mother Nip was not a very refined old body, and it is said she uttered some rather queer phrases. In vain did her daughter try to bend the springs. With her whole strength she tried and tried, but finding that she could not bend one of them, much less both at once, she set off at full speed for help.

As it happened, the hunter's son and myself were in a field on the other side of the valley below the mountain. We heard the young girl's cries, and it did not take a long explanation to make us understand what the matter was.

Conscience stricken, we ran up the mountain side to the rescue, expecting nothing else than to find the old woman fatally crushed. In our alarm we were imprudent enough to tell the girl that we were the owners of the trap.

Very much like an old she bear at bay did Mother Nip look as we ran up to her. Her face was flushed beet-red. She was groaning and uttering fierce anathemas on whoever had set the trap. To our dismay, her daughter at once betrayed us. But it was no time to consider that. We threw our weight on the trap springs, and bent them down sufficiently to enable her to draw out her feet, which she did with a dreadful grimace. Almost any other woman would have fainted, I imagine, from the pain, but Mother Nip was by no means a delicate person. She limped a step, then shut her eyes, but immediately opening them, laid hold of a dry branch lying beside the path, and gave us each a sound blow before we could get out of her way. She then limped away, leaving us to help the girl pick up as many of the spilled blueberries as could be found among the dry leaves.

The matter got abroad, and it was a long time before we heard the last of our "catching Mother Nip." We were also advised by certain of our elders, in language which did not admit of being misunderstood, to never again set a bear trap in so frequented a locality as a public blueberrying ground. And very sound and good advice it was.

The accident taught us a useful lesson, though Mother Nip, very likely, never forgave us for making her the living illustration of the danger of setting a bear trap in a frequented place.

Only the next fall we came near being ourselves victims of a similar act of carelessness on the part of some youthful hunters in the vicinity.

Up in the woods, some two or three miles above the neighbourhood, there was a very narrow gorge between two wooded mountains, which we called "the notch." The bottom of the gorge was encumbered with huge boulders and logs which had tumbled down the steep sides of the mountains. Winding about and under these we had discovered a "bear path," made by these animals in coming down into the cleared lands from the forest to the northward. There we had repeatedly set our trap, and in that one season

had caught two bears. We kept it fixed in the upper end of the ravine, near an overhanging stump. In visiting it, which we did once in two days, we used to follow up the path from below. One morning as we were going up the path, the hunter's son in advance, we tripped against a little black cord, concealed and stretched across the path in the shadow of a shrubby fir, when a blaze of fire, accompanied by a deafening report, fairly dazed us for a moment. We had tripped a "spring gun," set in a direction pointing across the path, the muzzle of the piece being not a foot off from it. The fire scorched my pants. That the ball did not break my legs was of course the merest piece of good luck; for the gun was set to shoot whatever tripped the line. I well recollect the gun; it was a large musket, of the kind known to old militia men as a "United States piece." At first we were inclined to think it had been set for us out of spite and were in a terrible passion about it. But the gun turned out to have been set for a bear by two young fellows of about our own age, who lived in another neighbourhood, three or four miles to the eastward. They knew nothing of our trapping in the notch.

Both these incidents show what caution should be used in setting heavy traps or guns, and what fatal results may follow carelessness.

AT.P. GUERETTE.

To My Indian Pipe.

Thou of the black stone stem, what of the past?
Where are the cunning hands that fashioned thee,
Where are the stern brown lips that placidly
Drew comfort from thee 'neath the towering mast
Of some old pine, and patient to the last
Toi'ed over thee? Perchance thou wert a God,
Worshipped and feared by those whose light feet trod
The dim green isles of that cathedral vast:
But now thine incense rises and I see
The still north land, and hear the otter dive,
The rapids calling, and the great trout leap;
And smoking here it seemeth like to me
As if some dead hands touch the hands alive
In token of the fellowship we keep.



A MONUMENT IN THE MILITARY CEMETERY.
ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



TORONTO, October 9, 1891.

THE dedication service of the new building of Wycliffe College on the evening of Tuesday, was marked by the presence of the three most representative and venerable clergymen of the Evangelical school of thought in Toronto, Rev. Alexander Samson, the aged incumbent of Little Trinity Church, Rev. Rural Dean Boddy, rector of St. Peter's, and Rev. Septimus Jones, rector of the Church of the Redeemer. All these gentlemen took part in the service, which was a modified form of evening prayer for the occasion. The Right Reverend, the Bishop of Toronto, preached the sermon, taking his text from the Epistle of St. Jude, the third verse, "Exhorting you to contend earnestly for the faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints." It was a strong, scholarly sermon, in good literary form, such as we are accustomed to hear from the Bishop, and as applied to the circumstances under which it was delivered, the opening of another session of a school for training young men for the work of the ministry, was most suitable. Bishop Sweatman is no enthusiast, but he is a sound thinker, and thus his utterances appeal mainly to thinkers. Pointing out that the publication of truth and the assaults of heresy have ever been coeval, the preacher warned his hearers that the present only differed from the past in the form that the assault upon truth has taken; that contention for the truth was just as important a duty to the Christian, particularly the clergy, as ever, and needed as perfect equipment to meet it; but that truth being impregnable its champions need fear nothing on its behalf. With regards to the creed which some would characterize as made up of additions through development of truth imperfectly given at first, the Bishop corrected the misstatement by showing from the patristic and other writings that each clause of the creed accepted by all Christendom, the Nicene or Apostle's creed, was added as assaults upon the points contained in "the faith once for all delivered to the Saints" made it necessary for the church to formulate in so many words the doctrine received by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost through the writers of the New Testament. Therefore, no addition had ever been, or could ever be made to the faith which therefore being the fundamental truth of a common Christianity was that for which all Christians are called upon to contend.

* * *

The College Chapel is a neat apartment, lighted by five handsome coloured windows at the back of the small semicircular chancel, the centre window containing a medallion portrait of Wycliffe.

* * *

The new library is not much larger than the old one, which, indeed, was by no means small, but the new has advantages of heat, light, and general convenience and comfort which will make its ten thousand volumes, many of them rare, a very attractive loadstone to all who have its privilege.

* * *

The building and its equipment is paid for; practically the new college starts out on an enlarged career, free of debt, and the Dean, Principal and Trustees are to be congratulated on the success of a school that began only a few years ago as a mere grain of mustard seed. It has made its influence felt, however, and will do so just as long as its graduates are faithful and true.

* * *

Convocation at Toronto University was anything but an agreeable occasion. For some sentimental reason it was held in a hall that has become far too small, and the consequence was that the prize men and women could not go up for their prizes owing to the crush; and to the great disgust of the audience not a word of the eloquent speech of the President could be heard farther than the foot of the platform. That two hundred rowdies—for in any other

gathering they would be so regarded and so treated—should be allowed to transform a grave and interesting occasion into a bear-garden savours too much of brutal coarseness to entitle it to the slightest apology, even that of college traditions.

* * *

I hope every one who loves poetry will read Emily A. Sykes' "Autumn Leaves" in the *Week*, for the 9th inst. It is an autumn leaf itself, beauty and richness of colour blent with a romantic fancy.

* * *

One goes from home to hear news. Until a dear literary friend, not strange to the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, said to me, "Do you know Mrs. Marion Wills of your city? She is a native of New Brunswick, and a verse writer of merit," I did not know that Toronto could boast of a poet whose name was altogether new to me. But I hope to have the opportunity of becoming somewhat better acquainted with it very soon.

* * *

My friend, Mr. Le May, honours me by a present of another of his volumes. This time, comedies. Mr. Le May entitles his book "Rouge et Bleu, (Darveau, Quebec), from the third, and probably the strongest comedy of the three that compose it. The shortest and first is *Sons les Bois*, and is very funny in several of the scenes, particularly where Madame Montom having gone to bathe in a little lake in view of the picnic ground selected for the family party, a hunter unexpectedly arrives on the scene; this shocks the sense of delicacy of Monsieur Montom who is amusing himself by manufacturing pastoral verse under a tree, and his efforts to acquaint Mad. Montom with the accession of another pair of eyes to the scene, his constant warning "Plongez! Plongez!" the only meth'd by which he can imagine Mad. Montom can extricate herself from the indelicacy of the situation in which she was caught by a stranger, is amusing in the extreme. The love-lorn verse too, which the exigencies of rhyme have forced M. Montom to dedicate to Caroline, Mad. Montom's name being Adèle, give rise to some amusing jealousies. The hunter proves to be a long lost son who left his Quebec home in a heat

owing to some slighting paternal remarks his youth did not approve of, and the discovery makes every one happy.

"En Livrie," so far as I have read, has many amusing situations, and the purity of sentiment that characterizes all M. Le May's writings is as charming and assuring in this, his lighter vein, as his more serious work.

* * *

Ontario is not to have the only centennial in Canada next year. I read from the *Montreal Gazette*—Sherbrooke news—that the municipal council of that town passed the following resolution:

"Moved by Councillor Chicoyne, seconded by Councillor Red, that next year (1892) being the centennial of the first settlement of the Eastern Townships, it is desirable to celebrate the event in a manner worthy of the occasion, and that the mayor be, and is hereby, authorized to consult with the leading men of this section of the province as to the best mode of carrying this project into effect."

And then follows a short, able, historical sketch of the settlement, due to the researches of the before-mentioned Mr. Chicoyne, and full of interest to Canadians who love their country.

Passing over a little controversial history, we read that "On the 7th May, 1792, the Lieutenant-Governor, Alured Clarke, issued a proclamation dividing Lower Canada into 21 counties, and following that proclamation was the adoption of measures to colonize this section of the province. Orders were issued by Samuel Holland, Esq., Surveyor-General, to have the country surveyed, and the work was commenced in that year, 1792.

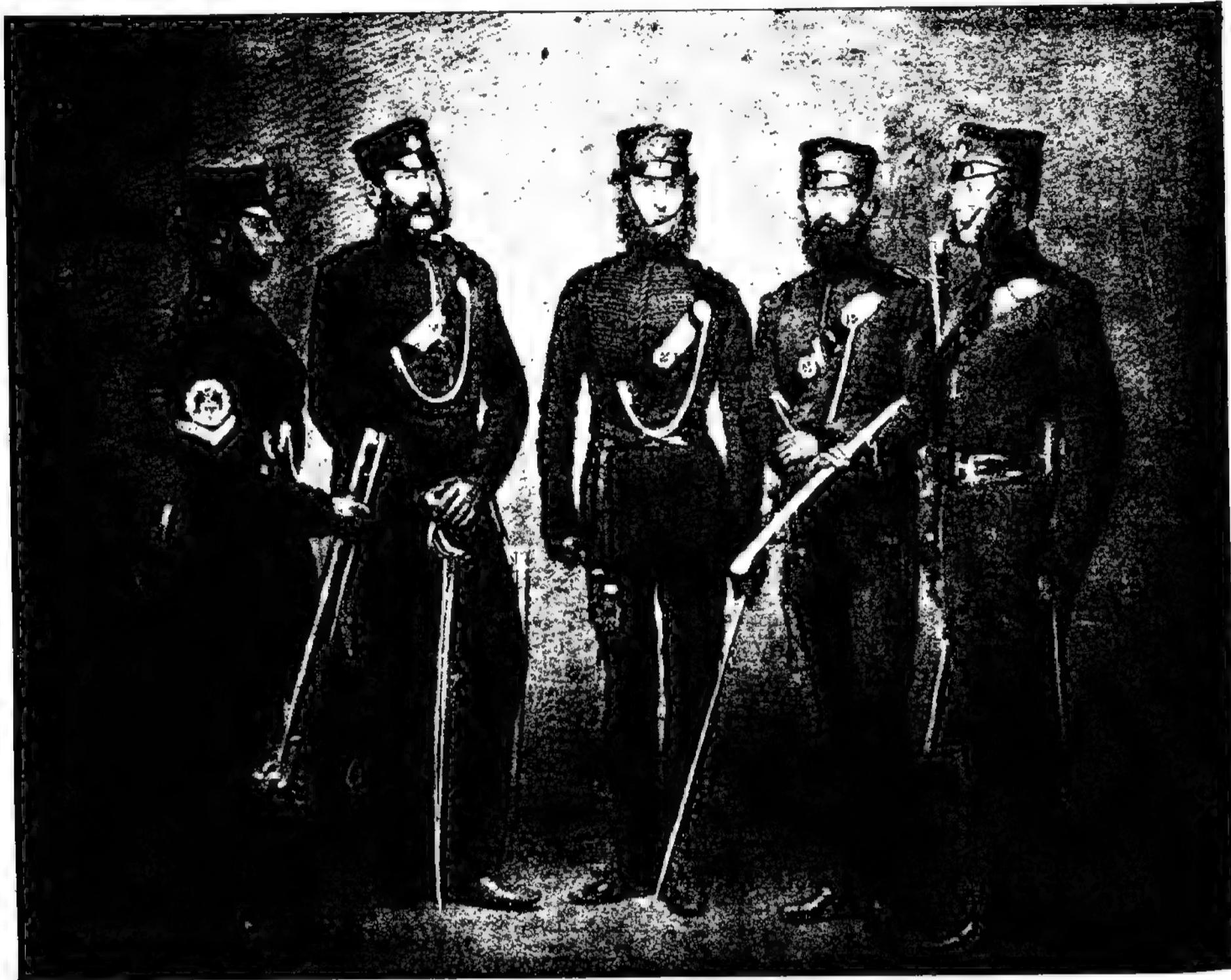
"In 1792 J. Kilburn, deputy provincial surveyor-general, laid the outlines of Ascot and Eaton under official instructions, dated 2nd August, 1792."

Our own Simcoe was doing exactly similar work in this province at the same date, and there is only one regret in connection with the two centennial celebrations next year, namely, that neither can be in two places at once, nor very well can the two club interests. But we shall no doubt telegraph all sorts of nice messages one to the other.

S. A. CURZON



OLD R. C. CHURCH AT ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, P.Q.



Colour Sergt. J. W. Hanson. Picut. J. W. Baldwin and. Capt. Theodore Lyman. Ensign J. F. Malliot. Private J. S. Sted.
UNIFORM OF THE MONTREAL RIFLE RANGERS, ORGANIZED 1854.

THE MAGIC GROVE.

BY J. H. BROWN.



WHAT, after all, is there in a grove of trees to kindle the imagination? Is it due to our modern habit of picnicking that a wood becomes populous as soon as one comes in sight of it, or do we owe the fancy, with so many other beautiful thoughts, to the mythology of Greece, with its fauns and dryads and sylvan suggestions of delight? Whatever be the cause, I have myself, though a votary of the physical sciences, and, therefore, no easy prey to fancies, when glancing down a sunny glade, had the quaint feeling that something was needed to complete the picture; some suggestion of human existence, a pair of lovers, say, walking with lingering footsteps, for whose sweet sake the sun shed its golden light, the birds sang and the leaves glistened.

It must have been some such exaggerated play of sentiment that took possession of my friend, Ferdinand, the other day, when he witnessed that pretty sight beneath the trees that I am about to tell you of. Ferdinand, as is very well known, is something of a day-dreamer, so that if he did not in all sincerity fall asleep and dream the thing, the vision may have come in that state between sleeping and waking from which his friends so often startle him. But you shall hear the little story, as I had it from his own lips.

About three miles or more from the city there is a small and lonely lake, to the borders of which Ferdinand is fond

of roaming. This lake is surrounded by trees and lies in a depression of the land, so that to reach the water you are obliged to descend a rather steep, rocky slope. Beside the trees, the lake is skirted by a broad fringe of reeds that sigh and whisper in the breeze, but so thick are the trees that when the wind blows you cannot tell whether the leaves or the reeds are whispering. The reeds, doubtless, whisper up to the trees, and the trees whisper down to the reeds, and thus the melancholy of the reeds but adds a shade more feeling to the bright, though garrulous, chatter of the leaves, and the leaves, in their turn, give from the abundance of their gayety to cheer the sadness of the reeds which they breathe so musically.

To this secluded spot, on a day when sunshine and shadow were chasing each other across the hills, came Ferdinand, and took his customary seat, a sort of natural throne, looking down upon the lake. No sign of life was visible; and he wondered if a bright young squirrel, which a few days before had, with many little frights and starts, performed its innocent toilet before him, would again appear. Above him, through some scattered fringes and crags of cloud, shone a chink of sky of so heavenly an azure that Ferdinand, who, as I have said, is given to fancies, would not have been surprised to see a winged cherub peep through. Then his eyes fell on a pretty colony of silver birches on the opposite shore of the lake. This grove is in the form of an

ellipse, and if there were nothing else in it to interest, the large number of beautiful white birches growing together would be enough to hold the eye. To certain moods of Ferdinand these birches had, indeed, a rather ghostly significance; but to-day he merely glanced through the sylvan spaces, and, in a dim, shadowy way, saw moving objects among the trees. He knew at once, I hasten to add, that these shadows were of the imagination merely. It is true that here and there in the wood spaces was a blackened stump which, by some odd, spontaneous movement of the mind, seemed at each moment about to spring into life. Ferdinand indulged these fancies for a short time, and then began to think sturdy, athletic thoughts about the mysteries of life and death, of good and evil, of beauty and deformity, and sundry other abstruse matters, the burden of which he did not communicate to the writer, possibly conjecturing that I might not understand them.

While pursuing these reflections he stretched himself comfortably on the grassy carpet of the rock and looked soberly out upon the sky. As before, his eyes fell to the grove of birches, and at it he stared musingly. When—what! He looked again. There were actually figures moving in the grove! How came they there? There was no road leading to that side of the lake; no possible avenue of approach, save by water, and there was no boat. Moreover, there was something about these figures which struck Ferdinand as unfamiliar. Their costumes seemed peculiar, reminding him of a fancy dress ball or a gay masquerade. Was not that an embroidered pink petticoat of an old, old fashion? Surely, there was the shimmer of a light blue gown, surmounted by a bodice of a slightly lower cut than would now be deemed suitable for ordinary wear. And, as he lived,



Ensign T. F. Blackwood Capt. J. W. Hauser.

Lieut Edward Stewart. Ensign R. G. Starke.

OFFICERS OF NO. 1 COMPANY PRINCE OF WALES RIFLE REGIMENT (LATE MONTREAL RIFLE RANGERS) ORGANIZED 1859.

there was a doublet and hose—a gentleman with long, dark curly hair, a sword at his belt, and, there was no mistake about it, a doublet and hose. Ferdinand rubbed his eyes, gathered himself together and stood up, staring the while with all his might. There they were moving busily among the trees—the silvery laughter of the girls came to him and the deeper voices of the men. A dog barked—a quick, glad bark, and certain shining objects, about which the figures were moving, caught and reflected the sunlight. What did it all mean? Who were the party, and whence had they come? Ferdinand's curiosity was aroused, and he determined to gratify it. He climbed from his station to the level road, ran a short distance along the road, and plunged into a thick growth of young maples and beeches. He crept through these, and having surmounted obstacles too numerous to mention, found himself near the point in the birches where he had seen the strange masqueraders. He went more warily now, keeping the biggest trees between himself and the objects of his interest. He could hear their voices quite distinctly. There was a lady named Marie, who, if one might judge by the number of times her name was spoken, was a favourite with the group. He also heard the names Clytie, Phoebe, Henri and Ormond. They were evidently French.

To get still nearer he dodged from tree to tree, and at last coming to an open space, crept on his hands and knees to a large stump, from behind which he could, himself unseen, command a view of the party. He settled himself carefully behind the stump and peered cautiously out. Ye nymphs and graces! What did it all mean, and who were they? Around a damask cloth, which was spread on the green

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Sevigne or of Madame Recamier? Were they of the date of *le grand monarque* or of a later period? He tried to revive his memory of French history, but he could not decide. At length he gave over speculating as to their place in time, and simply looked and listened, drinking in the life and light and colour of it all.

There was certainly enough of the latter, though who would venture to say there was too much. Marie, who had blue eyes and a complexion of nature's most perfect white and red, wore an embroidered petticoat and bodice of a delicate shade of blue. Phoebe, who sat opposite Marie and next Philip, a fair, stout gentleman with curled moustaches, was as dark and as lovely as Cleopatra's self. Her skirt was a rich combination of white and crimson, with a corsage of interwoven black and scarlet strands. This young lady's hands sparkled with rings, and she had that lazy southern languor, beneath which so often smoulders startling possibilities of passion. Sylvie was the name of the girl with the pink dress and white slippers, and Clytie, the fifth young lady, who had soft brown eyes and a rather large nose, wore a white dress down which ran lines of tiny roses.

The gentleman called Henri, who reclined by Clytie, wore a brown velvet doublet with lace collar and wristlets. Next Marie sat Ormond, a very handsome fellow, whose thick, curling locks reminded Ferdinand that they (the gentlemen) probably all wore wigs. His was the rich purple doublet and dark hose. Next Phoebe, as I have said, sat the fair, stout Philip, in a silver-grey doublet, the sleeves of which

(Continued on page 382.)



THE NEW EMPIRE.

THE reproach of possessing little or no literary spirit cannot now be applied in justice to Canadians. Each year sees the issue of works from Canadian pens, on national subjects, that would bring credit on a nation of thrice our population; in no other dependency of Great Britain, even giving due allowance for smaller population, has appeared an equal issue of thoughtful and carefully written treatises on constitutional, political and historical subjects. Without doubt, the most important of these works issued this year is the one whose title heads this sketch. It is written by Mr. O. A. Howland, a Toronto barrister, who deserves the thanks of patriotic Canadians for his elaborate arguments in favour of drawing closer and making more secure the bonds that unite us to the Great Britain, while by the same act elevating Canada from a position of nominal dependence to one of accepted national rank.

The work is divided into five chapters, whose titles summarize its contents; they are: "The Fall of the Old Empire," "The Treaty of Partition and its Fulfilment," "The Constitution of the New Empire," and "The Crisis of the Empire;" supplemented with an appendix on the foreign relations of Britain. In short, the book is a detailed review of the causes and consequences of the American revolution, the international relations of the United States and Canada, and the advantages that would accrue to Great and Greater Britain, to the Republic and to the general civilization of the world, by the practical recognition of the great colonies as partners of England, on equal and admitted terms. More than one-half of the work is given to a history of international relations. Fittingly prefaced to the author's introduction to his subject is given a facsimile of the famous Royal Proclamation of 1763—defining in concise terms the limits of the newly acquired territory in America, military land grants and Indian reserves; a division in which, strange to say, the name Canada does not once appear, all its limits being included in the then far stretching "Government of Quebec." The chapter devoted to "The Fall of the Old Empire" is what might be paradoxically termed an elaborate summary of the Revolutionary war and the after-treatment of the Loyalists by the successful rebels. Throughout the work the author labours to do full justice to the feelings of the colonists, and in the first fifty pages goes, we think, to unnecessary

length in this respect, apparently endorsing to the fullest extent their taking up arms against the Mother-country, which had so recently poured out men and money in vast quantity for their defence. On this point historians are too apt to look on England's action solely in the light of what would now be considered the proper policy, instead of criticising it from the standpoint of 1775. No ultra-American could expect more liberal treatment in a work of this nature than he receives from one who states (pp. 78-9) that the revolution is a cause for general gratitude. This must strike many as a far-fetched compliment and incapable of proof. The amazing spectacle of an alliance with France—the blackest step of the Congressional party—meets with no condemnation from his pen. But he gives ample proof, in calm and unexaggerated language, of the atrocious treatment meted out to the Tories after the war by their quondam neighbours, and the practical loss that the new Republic suffered by the savage acts of its citizens. The chapter closes with a strong indictment of party government as it now exists in the United States, and which is worthy of close attention from Canadians, especially at the present. A note is added showing good reason why the name American should apply only to citizens of the Republic, not to Canadians.

The second division of the work, "The Treaty of Partition," is historically of very great interest. It shows how strong and almost unquestioned was the British title to the whole of what are now the North-western States, and how vehemently England's former foes, France and Spain, urged her to retain, with Spain, the whole of the Western country, if only to curb the rising power and arrogance of the newly-formed American Republic. The absolute dependence of the latter on France at that period, its practical submission of its case (at first) to the decision of the French Minister, and his rather underhand policy of secretly urging England to retain the West, is clearly proven. But all was in vain. There seems a fatality in English decisions regarding British-American territory; from the first to the last all have been to give—give—give. In the case under review, while the prospective value of the great West was clearly before his eyes, the Minister's good-nature overcame his common-sense, and he gave up forever one of the finest territories on the continent. Reward or thanks he had none. To the average American his action was looked on as a forced one, the result of Yorktown; and the spirit of braggadocio it engendered aided much to the growth of that spirit of hatred to everything British that has been such a marked characteristic of so many of the American race. The injury this Minister's weakness has done to Canada is too great for estimation. One feature of this chapter is strongly to be recommended—the warm advocacy of Lord Shelburne and his measures. No impartial student of the stormy decade that began in 1780 but must admire his moderation, his honesty, his interest in the American colonists, and his loyalty to his Sovereign. No more disgraceful cabal was formed in all that century than the one which united North and Fox—the latter one who had aided and abetted the insurgent colonists with all the force of his great eloquence, and the former, he who had denied them every reasonable request, and who combined gross incompetency with a Draconian severity. Their combined malevolence directed against Shelburne was a curious feature of the vagaries of English politics a century ago. Unfortunately Shelburne was wanting in the one quality that makes a great statesman, an ability to resist importunate pleading while possessing the knowledge that an apparently harsh act would ultimately be of vast benefit to the nation whose servant he was.

The Fishery question and Reciprocity are ably handled in the concluding portion of the chapter. In the next, "The Constitution of the New Empire," the author shows the strong loyalty to Britain that has characterized the Canadians in past years, and enlarges on the practical democracy existent in the British monarchial system. That this is at present the case no one can deny; but that it is so in point of law, or in the interests of the best and wisest government, is open to much question. An interesting fact, not generally known, is stated, viz., that a few years ago it was under consideration that the official title of the Sovereign should bear some reference to her colonial empire; but for some unknown reason this fell through. The chapter abounds with practical suggestions towards binding closer together the various portions of the Empire; his sentiments and many of his proposals will meet with a hearty response from Canadian Imperialists. In matters



CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HAMILTON, ONT.

relating to national offence and defence his views are admirable and his argument sound and convincing. The chapter is altogether a remarkably interesting one and has the true ring of patriotism. The same applies to the next division, "Our Centenary Year," in which the author pleads for immediate action on the part of Canada towards an Imperial Union, and gives a short but vivid description of the beginnings of Parliamentary life in Canada a century ago. The work closes with an article on "The Crisis of the Empire," dealing chiefly with the Newfoundland question; and near the end these words occur, which are a key-note to the lofty and patriotic sentiments which pervade the whole work:

"Let the great Colonies at once assume their place beside the Mother Country, at a time when the future is not free from uncertainties, nor wholly unclouded with perils; but when our very decision must help in some measure towards a right solution, and may lead to a happy issue from all these possibilities that menace interests more general than our own. Is not this the action which wisdom would advise and which our honour and our duty to humanity seem to command?"

We cordially commend this work to our readers, considering it one of the most elaborate books on Canadian national subjects that have yet appeared, and at the same time presenting many practical suggestions for the settlement of intricate questions and apparent discrepancies which exist in our present position. Its main drawback is a lack of condensation. The mechanical features of the work are fully equal to the best yet turned out in Canada. As an example of book-making—binding, paper and printing—it is something of which both publisher and author may well be proud.

"The New Empire; Reflections upon its Origin and Constitution and its Relation to the Great Republic." By G. A. Bowland, of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law, Toronto; Hart & Company, 1891. Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co.

A REVIEW OF THE FINANCIAL, COMMERCIAL AND MANUFACTURING INTERESTS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA; BEING THE PORTFOLIO EDITION

OF THE "MONETARY TIMES."

This is an *edition de luxe* of commercial reviews, not only as regards its paper, printing and binding, but also in its literary contents. Of the former, to see is to admire; the most casual or hurried observer cannot but be struck by the superb beauty of the mechanical features of the work, so unusually rich and ornate, and illustrated with beautiful photographic reproductions of many of the finest business and public buildings in the Dominion. But of even greater interest will be found the admirable historic and commercial summary of the most noteworthy events in the life of several of our chief cities. Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg, Victoria, Vancouver and Hamilton, are all treated in this way; and although the description of some is necessarily shorter than others, enough in every case is stated to give the reader an excellent idea of the history of each, and of those business features which have aided materially in its growth. The story of the early life and growth of Toronto and Montreal is especially good; terse and compact, it omits none of the principal events, and mentions many incidents and out-of-the-way notes that have never yet seen the light. Most interesting, in these days, when appalling figures meet the seeker after an unpretentious city home, is the mention of the prices for which a house and lot, and a farm thrown into the bargain, were sold in the days of our fathers; of a square acre of land at the corner of King and Yonge streets changing hands for £37 10s., and of a hundred acres on Queen and Sherbourne streets selling for £600. Of Montreal matters, the growth of commercial life and the establishment of new enterprises are admirably told. The city of Victoria, and the new province of which it is the capital also receive a special degree of favour; in connection with the island of San Juan, and the unjust decision which awarded it to the United States, the author tells an interesting little story of an incident that came under his personal experience.

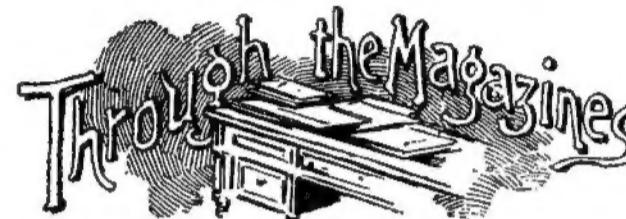
"Remembers hearing in a Glasgow music hall, about 1873, some political doggerel that contained a half contemptuous allusion to the dispute and the royal referee, rendered by the singer with much *wim*, and received by the audience with great applause, to the following effect:—

'The Emperor William, in his wisdom
'Has bethought him of a plan,
'To run us in by arbitration
'For the isle of San Juan.'

The last two lines were repeated, as a sort of indignant chorus, and 'To run us in; to run us in, for the isle of San

Ju-an,' was vociferated by hundreds of throats in tones expressive of disgust with the award and its author."

Following the civic sketches, come a series of articles on the leading branches of Canadian commerce. These very appropriately commence with one on the "Rise and Progress of the National Policy," after which we have "Banking in Canada," "Life Assurance," "Fire Insurance," "Accident Assurance," "Loan Companies," "Milling," "Cotton Manufacture," "Woollen Manufacture," "Wholesale Dry Goods," "The Iron Industry," and others. This article gives particulars of the beginnings of the several branches, and full statistical records of their growth and present positions, forming in all an excellent book of reference. Altogether the work is one of which the publishers may be proud; and Mr. James Hedley, the writer and editor of the work, deserves special praise for the skill with which he has woven together historic incidents and commercial statistics, resulting in such an interesting and instructive book. Toronto; The Monetary Times Printing Co., (Ltd).



THE ARENA.

The *Arena* for October will delight thoughtful, progressive and wide-awake people. The frontispiece is a portrait of James Russell Lowell, taken from the latest photographs of the great poet; it is the finest portrait yet published of Mr. Lowell. Geo. Stewart, D.C.L., LL.D., who contributed to the July *Arena* a scholarly paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes, writes most ably and entertainingly of James Russell Lowell, this being the second of *The Arena* series of papers on American poets. Theodore Stanton contributes a paper of great interest on "Some Weak Points in the French Republic." Hamlin Garland has a profusely illustrated paper on the artistic work of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne; he criticises at length Mr. Herne's most notable plays, giving special attention to "Margaret Fleming." Moncure D. Conway contributes an interesting paper on "Madame Blavatsky at Adyar." Other notable contributions are "Leaderless Mobs," by H. C. Bradby; "Emancipation Through Nationalism," by Thaddeus B. Wakeman; "Healing Through the Mind," by Henry Wood, and "Recollections of Old Play Bills," by Charles H. Pattee. The story of the month is very striking and deals with a timely subject, the *Convict Lease System of Tennessee*, and is entitled "A Grain of Gold;" the author is Miss Will Allen Dromgoole. The editor writes on "Social Conditions under Louis XV. of France" compared with our present conditions, and a short paper on "Religious Intolerance." Boston; The Arena Publishing Co.

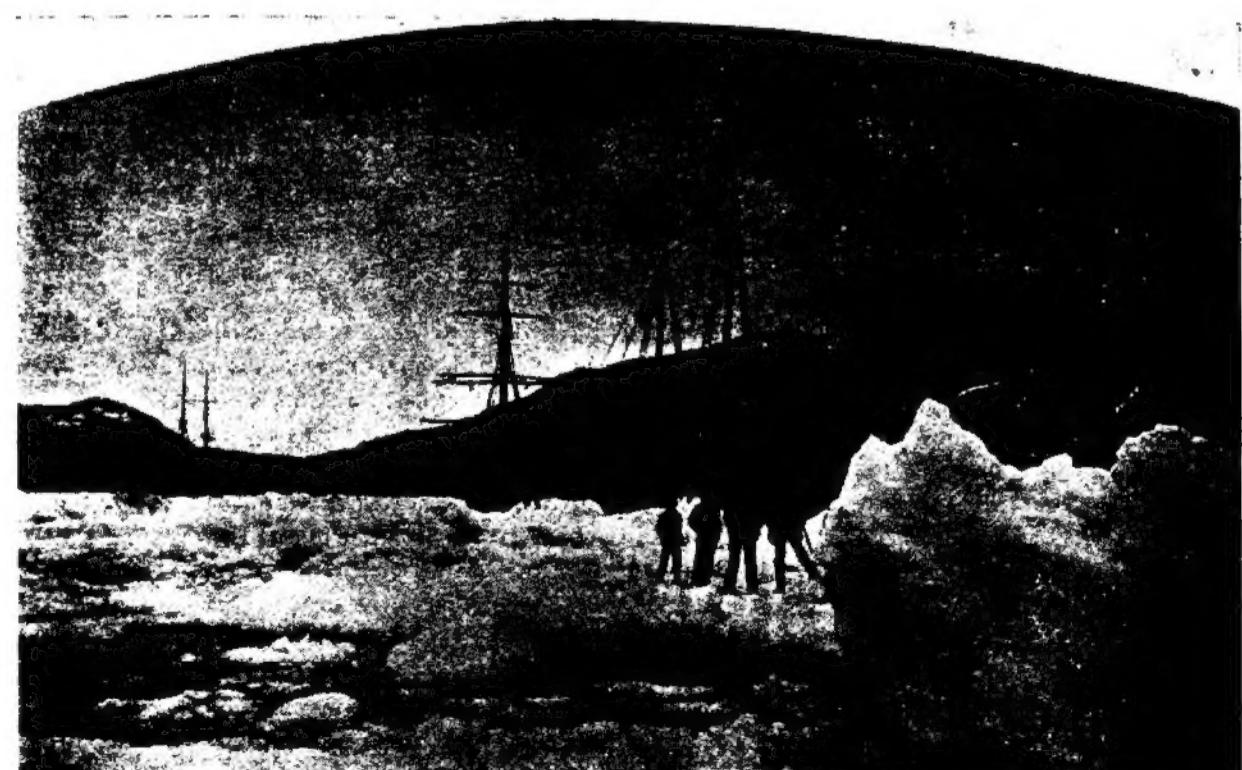
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The October *Atlantic* is strong in biography, the two articles in that line being remarkably interesting and well

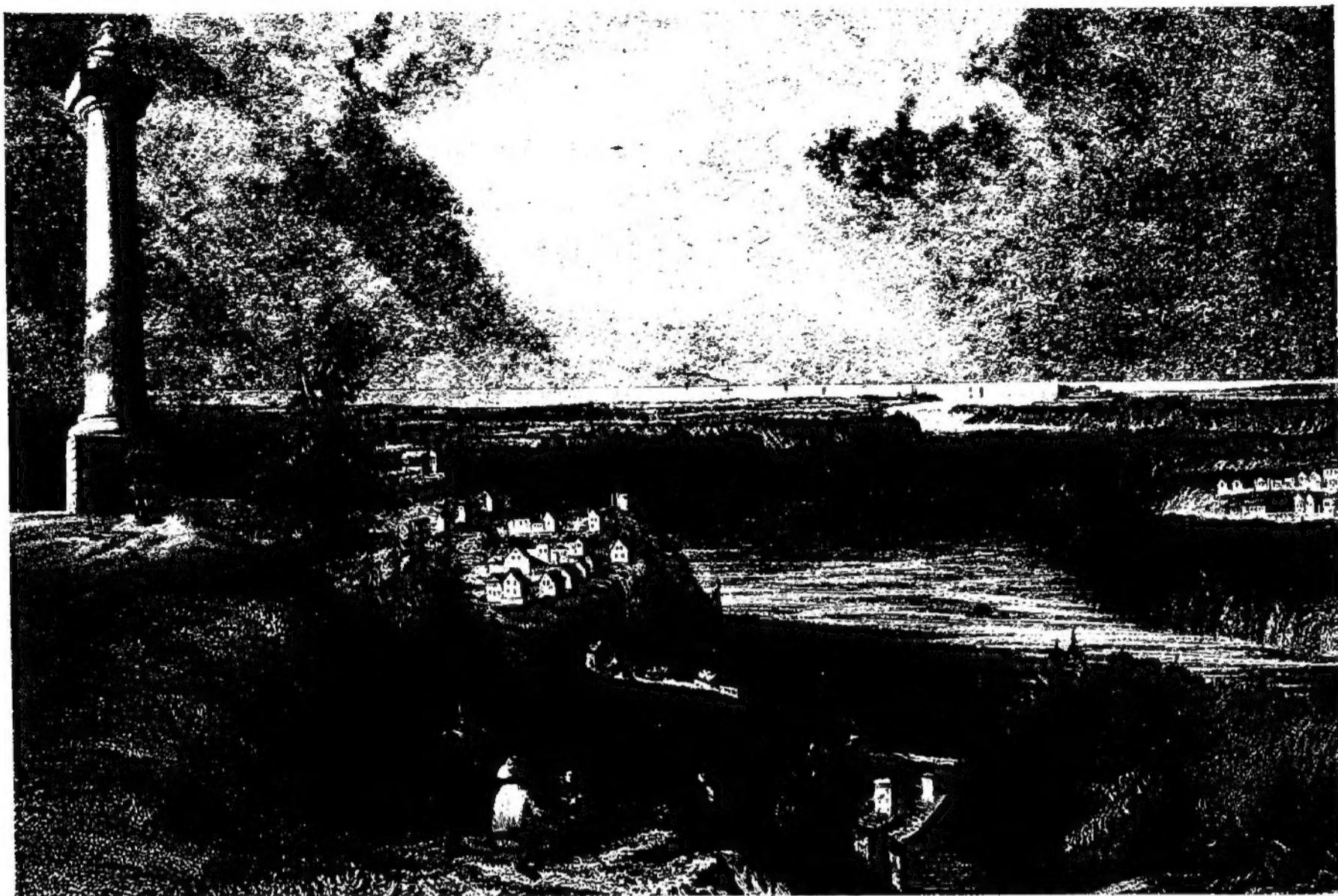
written. First of these—especially to the Canadian reader—comes one on Sir John Macdonald, by Mr. M. J. Griffin, Librarian of Parliament. It is an admirable sketch of the career of our greatest statesman, written in a calm and judicial spirit, and dealing not only with his public and political but also with his private and less-known life, and giving also many instances of his home life and genial nature. Mr. E. P. Evans' article on "Ignatius Von Dollinger" is a most interesting sketch of one of the most striking figures in the strife of German theology. Dear old Oliver Wendell Holmes gives ample proof of his retention of youthful vigour and deft manly skill in some charming verse on James Russell Lowell. The story of the Civil War in the States receives two valuable additions in this number; one, a summary of the military life of General George H. Thomas, by Mr. Henry Stone; the other, a paper by Mr. Dodge on "The Cave Dwellers of the Confederacy." That fascinating story of Acadia, "The Lady of Fort St. John," is continued; while to those who can stand much dialect "Grand'ther Hill's Partridge" will be found of interest. A valuable contribution to American Indian history is Mr. Thayer's "A People without Law." The poetry, book reviews, &c., are very good and complete an excellent number. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

There are several articles in the *New England Magazine* for October, which will appeal to a wide circle of readers. The one which will perhaps attract most people—the general reading public—is "Benjamin Butler's Boyhood," by himself. Another is Edward Everett Hale's "James Russell Lowell," and a pleasant and instructive commentary on Lowell's old magazine, *The Pioneer*, by Edwin D. Mead, the senior editor of the magazine. Mr. Mead's article is just one of those delightful papers one expects to find in going through a volume of an old magazine, and so seldom meets in a modern periodical. It is embellished with reproductions of several of the outline drawings and engravings which appeared in the three numbers of *The Pioneer* that saw the light. A fine portrait of Lowell in his study, taken a little while before his death, is the frontispiece of the number. Henry S. Nourse contributes an interesting article on "The Public Libraries of Massachusetts," containing many fine pictures. There are two striking poems in the number—"When Thou Art Far From Me," by Philip Bourde Marston, the blind English poet who died a few years ago, and "The Undercurrent," by C. H. Crandall. Ethel Parton writes about Newburyport, an old historic town in Massachusetts, and the headquarters of American privateers during the revolutionary war. Mrs. A. M. Mosher has a delightful paper on "Mont Saint Michel," which is finely illustrated by Louis A. Holman, H. D. Murphy and others. "In a Corner at Dodsley's," by Walter Blackburn Harte, contains some pertinent remarks about the craze among literary men, especially English writers, for making booklets of their ephemeral work in the newspapers. The most interesting of all to Canadian readers is "The Siege of Louisburg," by S. Frances Harison. Boston; New England Magazine Corporation.



IN THE DRIFTING ICE ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.



GENERAL BROCK'S MONUMENT, ABOVE QUEENSTON.

(From a print of 1835.)

The Magic Grove.

(Continued from page 379.)

were slashed with blue, and with wristlets, whose delicate pattern almost reached his fingers. The fourth gentleman was scarcely more than a boy, with the down yet upon his lip. He had what Ferdinand described as laughing eyes and a pair of the reddest cheeks. He sat between Sylvie and Phoebe, and he and Sylvie were constantly bubbling over into laughter. His name was Oscar. To complete the picture, as my friend gave it, it is necessary to say that just behind Ormond, looking on with intelligent eyes, was a magnificent Italian greyhound. Beside Phoebe lay a pretty white lap-dog tricked out in an azure covering tied with red ribbons.

"No, not that thin mixture this time, Marie," laughed Ormond, after Ferdinand had observed them for some time. The young Frenchman had been pouring into Marie's glass a bright red liquid, but he now seized the glass and tossed its contents behind him, just missing the greyhound who started up.

"Let it be champagne all round this time," he said, "and we shall drink to our happiness and to each other's love. Each to each—you to me, Marie, and I to you."

"And you to Phoebe and to Sylvie and to Clytie, and to dear Annette also," said Marie. She glanced at the sweet-faced lady behind her, who smiled, but said nothing.

"But to you especially Marie, and you to me, since we are to be wed."

Marie's eyes lit up. "Ah yes! but I shall love Philip and Oscar and Henri; and so I must drink to them also."

"And I am to love Sylvia here, and Clytie and the others as well as you?" asked Ormond, nodding and smiling at each of the young ladies mentioned.

"Why not?" said Marie. "Why should we not all love each other? I love you because you are strong and clever, and Philip because he is merry and good, and Henri because

he is witty, and Oscar for his amiability and his *beaux yeux*. How could I love one person only?"

Well! soliloquized Ferdinand, of all the wonderful wonders. Surely I have dropped into the golden age. What a jolly crowd they are!

"Then is each content," said Ormond, raising his glass, while the others did the same. "Is each content to be equally beloved—no one to be less loved than another—no one to be first, no one to be last?"

"Yes," said Phoebe, "I love Philip, but do I not likewise love Ormond and Oscar? Does not a sister love all her brothers?"

"Ah!" said the laughing Oscar, as they still held their glasses, "let us all love and love well. But there will be one a little dearer than any other—a little dearer. Here's to all—and to the one who is a little dearer!"

"Yes," said Sylvie, "I think—"

"Well, perhaps." Marie interrupted, with a smile at Ormond, "one may be just a little dearer."

"To each and all and to the one who is just a little dearer!" they cried with one voice, and their glasses were at their lips when Phoebe's lap-dog barked and Phoebe exclaimed,

"What—what is that?"

The dog had seen our luckless Ferdinand, who, in his excitement, had almost risen to his feet. With Phoebe's surprised exclamation, he averts, darkness came over him. He fell into a swoon, and was mysteriously transported to the very spot from which he had first caught sight of the bright coloured dresses and had heard the voices in the grove. He looked at his trousers covered with burrs, and at his boots with the brown earth he had walked through still upon them. There was the long scratch still fresh on his right hand, that a bramble had given him. Mute witnesses these to the fact that what he had seen was a reality and no dream. But the waters of the lake were glup-glupping at his feet, and over yonder were the birches pale and still. No voice came from them and no figure was visible. Then he cursed his recklessness which put to flight the delightful visitors be-

fore he had seen how the affair would quietly and naturally terminate. I have told him, for his consolation, that it was all a day dream, a freak of the imagination, the result of our tendency to make groves populous, to give the tree its dryad, the wood its nymphs. But he shakes his head sadly and sceptically, and looks as if, like Endymion, he longed for another vision. I suspect the luckless lad may have fallen in love with one of the young ladies of his distempered dream. With the blue-eyed Marie, perchance; with Cleopatra—I mean with Phoebe—or, mayhap, with the sweet-faced Mademoiselle Annette, whom no one seemed to claim.

The Canadian Government has raised the question, if not of Imperial Federation, at least of its essential preliminary, an Imperial Zollverein, in a very practical and concrete shape. On the motion of the Premier both parties in the Senate on Friday agreed to petition the Crown for the denunciation of the treaties with the German Customs Union and Belgium, which are in the way of reciprocity with Great Britain. As the fiscal relations of the colonies stand, they cannot discriminate in favour of the mother country without discriminating in favour of the German Zollverein and Belgium at the same time. So long as the treaties exist which give the most-favoured-nation treatment to those two countries, full commercial reciprocity with England is impossible. This important vote could hardly have come at a more opportune time. Canadian trade with England is increasing relatively more rapidly than with the United States; and the establishment of reciprocity with England would be a crushing weapon in the hands of the loyalist majority in Canada against the small but noisy minority, egged on by such men as Mr. Erastus Wiman, who are forever preaching the advantages of a Customs union with America.—*The Standard's Budget.*

Sir Henry Parkes has engaged to write a history of Australia, for which he is to receive £10,000. He has also a personal, literary and political autobiography in hand.



A Pretty Home Dinner Dress—A Light Autumn Cape—"How Men Ought to Dress"—"A Constant Reader"—Busy Bee Cake—A Chocolate Cake—Small Cakes.



PRETTY home dinner dress I shall give you this week, for it comes under the list of useful gowns that can be made up from old materials. Many people think they can dress just anyhow at home, but I do not at all agree with this. It is certainly a good opportunity to wear up old clothes, but that is no reason why the old clothes should not be made to look their very best. And if it pleases outside people to see us dressed nicely, and we do so out of respect for them, surely we owe it to our own home people to please them also, and show them this slight respect, "our own, that we love the best!" So here I have a model which is not at all difficult to copy, and which can be followed in so many different colours and materials. Suppose you have an old velvet dress, or



plain, or dark silk, you can make it up in this style, as a plain coat-shaped skirt, which may be joined cleverly at the sides, and have two long pointed revers put on that terminate at the point of the waist behind and in front, but less wide apart at the back. Then suppose you have some pretty embroidered material, make a plastron front of it to the bodice, and border the material of the front of the sleeves and neck-band, filling in the plain part with

crêpe de Chine to match. The train which escapes from between the lapels at the back of the redingote or tunic should be of the same stuff as that on which you put the embroidery. Instead of embroidery, the skirt and plastron would look very well made of brocade, with a train of the same colour as that of the brocade, but quite plain. Great taste should be shown in the selection of colours, as, if badly combined, the effect would be entirely spoiled. Deep purple, or blue velvet, or silk, with cream, fawn, or pale green train, and underdress would be pretty. So would be deep green with pale pink, chestnut-brown with fresh butter yellow, deep slate gray with primrose, and black with almost any pale tint. One might go on inventing all sorts of combinations.

* * *

A light autumn cape one often wants as a little extra to a tailor-made plain woollen dress, and I think you will find either of these useful. They can be worn when a regular jacket would be rather too heavy, or hardly sufficiently smart, for they are suitable with either a hat or bonnet, and are, therefore, useful for paying calls in, being dressy though quite simple. The first consists of a plain,



narrow plastron of cloth in some colour that goes with the hue of your dress. At its widest on the shoulders it ought not to be more than two inches on each side of the neck (though it looks, I confess, rather wider in my illustration), thence tapering (back and front) to the extreme point of the waist. This plastron should be trimmed with a little narrow design in braid (the colour of the material of the dress) along its edge, and that of the high collar attached to it. The material of the dress is set into it in close kiltings that reach nearly to the middle of the upper part of the arm, hanging quite straight, like a short cape, the lower edge of which joins the plastron about a quarter of a yard above the point of the waist on each side. The fulness of the kilting of course gives the necessary height to the shoulders. If the stuff is stiff, and rather intractable, it would be well to run a line of thread round the lower parts of the kilts inside, so as to keep them from flying out; but in alpaca, foulard and silk they would probably not need it. A other kind is also of cloth or the material of the dress, made in a sort of a close-fitting bodice that buttons down the front with similar buttons to those on the dress. The upper part has a straight band collar, with a succession of small flat capes beneath it, laid one over another, and short sleeves, made in the same way, reaching to the level of the capes, and also composed of layers of cloth.

* * *

"How Men Ought to Dress" is the title of an article that has been written by one of those enterprising lady journalists who step in bravely "where angels fear to tread," and which was lately published in an evening paper. I think it a delightful idea, and that our lords and masters ought to be immensely obliged to the authoress. She seems to have thoroughly studied the matter, and certainly knows well what she is writing about. To show how little we "poor weak women" monopolise the quantity of vanity, I hear that no sooner did the name of the article appear on the posters than there was a perfect rush for that particular edition. The fair writer declares with truth that in outfitting themselves men never remember the colour of their hair or complexions, and that the blondes amongst them seem to take a delight in wearing pink or red shirts and scarlet ties. She suggests for these tawny gentlemen

smoking coats of a light golden brown as very becoming to their *teint*. She deals very gently with the outer man, and particularly with the trying period when melancholy baldness gradually appears amongst the ambrosial curls. "Baldness," she tells them, "need never depress a man. Mental culture is always held responsible for it, and that idea lends a subtle charm to the bare spot it never had before." What comfort lies in this statement for the elderly "masher," who is informed by his confidential barber that his redundant locks are "getting a little thin on the top!" How glad and happy to realise that as the hair on his manly crown decreases, so his character for mental culture grows even greater—whether he has it or not. Let no one say that the women of the closing years of this nineteenth century are in any way behind their predecessors in their powers of consoling the lords of creation.

* * *

"A constant reader" very kindly draws my attention to the fact that I have given no recipes for cakes of any kind, or, as she terms it "confectionery." It is certainly a long time ago since I sent you the recipe for a luncheon cake, and as it is always a sincere pleasure to hear from my kind readers of what they most require, and, as far as possible to meet their wishes, I will now try to chat about these things. I perfectly agree with "A Constant Reader" that bought confectionery is a doubtful good, and errs too much on the side of carbonate of soda, suspiciously tainted butter, and eggs the freshness of which is decidedly not unimpeachable.

* * *

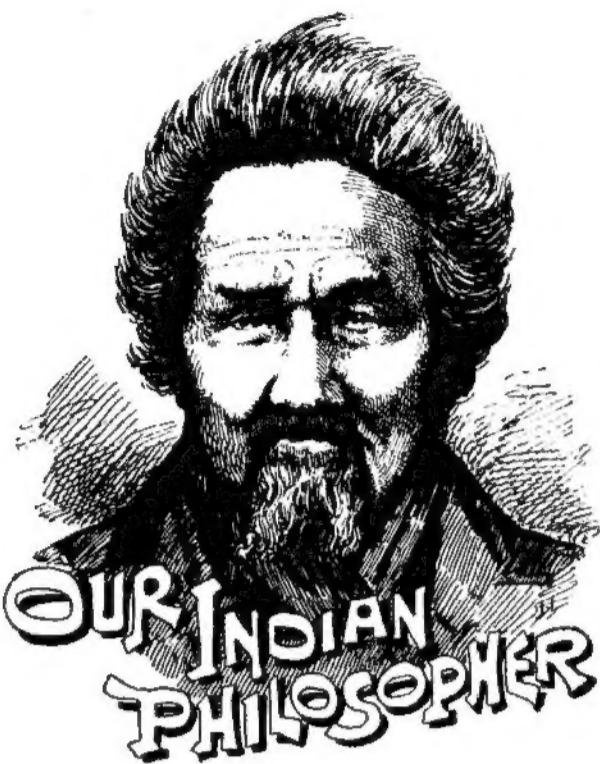
Now I will give "A Constant Reader" a very simple recipe for a home made cake, which in my home (or I ought to say "hive") is a great favourite, and which I hope will find equal favour with any of those of my kind correspondents and readers who like to try the busy bee cake. To make one of a suitable size for afternoon tea take the weight of four fresh eggs in fresh (not salt) butter, white powdered sugar, and dry sifted flour. Beat the butter to a cream, adding the sugar, and then the flour, in which should be stirred half-a-teaspoonful of baking powder. Then add some preserved glacé or crystallised cherries and other fruits with a few thin slices of citron—the fruits to be cut into little pieces, and in all not more than a quarter of a pound. Add the eggs last, yolks and whites beaten separate, and pour into a round cake-tin lined with buttered paper. Place it at once into the oven, which should be rather a quick one, and let it take from half to three quarters of an hour. This cake may be varied by having no fruit in it but merely a little finely grated lemon peel, and a few drops of essence of lemon, which turns it into the ordinary Madeira cake. If preferred, you can add caraway seeds, or the usual currants, raisins, and candied peel. But in all cases the foundation mixture is the same, only that for a plum cake the butter should not be beaten, but rubbed into the flour.

* * *

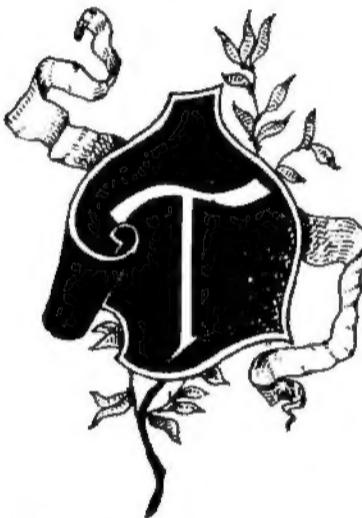
As a change we are very fond of a chocolate cake, particularly one that is neither too expensive nor rich. I can, therefore, thoroughly recommend this one. Get some chocolate—I prefer Potin's "No. 5," as it is much the same price as Menier's and of a more delicate flavour—grate a quarter of a pound of it on a plate, which you put into the oven till quite warm. Whilst it is warming beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, adding the chocolate, a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, and two and-a-half ounces of fine flour, with a little Vanilla essence. Then add three eggs—yolks and whites beaten separately—pour it into a cake-tin lined with well-buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven for not quite half an hour. Do not open the oven door whilst it is baking if you can help it, as that will instantly make it heavier, as we found to our cost.

* * *

Small cakes that are very nice to eat at tea time, and also look pretty, may be made of the mixture I have given, but baked in a flat tin lined with well-buttered paper. This should be filled to about an inch thick, and when taken from the oven cut the flat piece of cake with a very sharp clean knife into squares and diamond shapes from two to two and a half inches in length. Make some plain icing, with white of an egg and icing sugar, in the usual proportions; spread it on some of the cakes; mix with it for others a little cochineal essence till it is a pretty pink, and for some still more; mix some finely-chopped sweet almonds with some plain white icing; put the cakes into a very slow oven to harden; and, when done and cool, you will have quite a pretty dainty-looking dish of small cakes to hand round at afternoon tea. I hope you will be successful.



The Sagamore



THE task of keeping the world right was not so easy as the reporter had once dreamed. In fact it worried and perplexed him. And now he was face to face with a new problem.

He hastened with it to the sagamore.

"My brother," he said, warming his hands at the wigwam fire, "I'll have to throw up this job. My patience is so completely exhausted. Things won't

stay put."

"What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"You know very well," said the reporter, "that I've been pegging away for a long time to try and get this world in proper running order. I've dished out more advice, for nothing, than would make an encyclopedia of maxims and things. If people would just listen and pay attention we'd have the millenium here with a rush. But what do I see? What does everybody see? What but the preachers and the politicians setting up rival schools, giving one another points in propriety,—and ignoring me altogether!"

"Well?" said the sagamore.

"Nothing of the sort," cried the reporter. "It's confoundedly ill. I want those fellows to understand that they are not in it. What does a preacher know about politics? What does a politician know about theology—or repentance? Nothing. And yet they get up and yell across the country at one another and pound the table with as much assurance as if they had worked on a daily and had fathomed human nature down to the last dime. It's preposterous. It's absurd. Where am I? Where do I come in? Am I the only living repository of the knowledge of right conduct, or are the preachers or the politicians? That's the question. Are they to sit at my feet, or am I to take a back seat and let them jaw away? If the press of this country has got to abdicate its authority and let other people set up standards about things there's going to be anarchy."

"Um," doubtfully commented Mr. Paul.

"Don't you believe it?" hotly demanded his visitor.

"Little opposition's good thing sometimes," observed Mr. Paul quietly. "You kin give your jaws a rest while they pitch in."

"But I'm afraid they'll fight. You've no idea how they make shapes at one another. Just let a preacher be suspected of the very slightest party political squint, or let a politician hint in the most roundabout way that he thinks a preacher is leaning too far over his pulpit rail, and there is an explosion that scatters type over the pages of neighbouring newspapers for a long time. Now if the preachers would just let me keep the politicians straight, and if the politicians

would let me keep the preachers on the right tack—then things would be all right. But they won't. They even make suggestions to me sometimes—both of them!"

"That's good sign," observed the sagamore.

"How so?"

"It shows they don't take all you say for gospel."

"And am I to understand that I should take all they say as gospel?"

"Not when they pitch into one another. Not when they pitch into you. But if you kin ketch one of 'um pitchin' into himself, then you kin listen. If you kin hear politician blame himself for workin' little scheme for himself; if you kin hear preacher say he's sorry he pitched into some other church so hard, or took bigger salary for himself, then you listen."

"Life is short, my brother," said the reporter sadly. "Am I never to use my ears?"

"If," said Mr. Paul, "you ever hear yourself say you're sorry you know so little, and lie so much—then you kin listen."

The reporter went away to get his ears removed, as useless appendages.

His Speech.

"Before we knock the barrel out from under you," said the leader of the band of Arizona regulators, "we'll give you a chance to say a few words."

"What's the use?" replied the man with the rope around his neck. "You wouldn't listen to me."

"We'll listen for just five minutes," rejoined the chief, pulling out his watch, "if you want to shoot off your mouth. If not, up you go."

The condemned wretch looked with dogged, sullen hate at the crowd before him.

"It won't do any good that I know of," he said, "for me to make any remarks, and it won't help me any, I reckon, to kick against these proceedings. It's nothing more than I expected anyhow. I'm used to being knocked around, and I'm used to seeing everybody else knocked around. Your turn will come some day. You ain't a bit better than I am. The whole country's going to the devil as fast as it can go. Been going to the devil for years and years. There ain't any chance for a man to amount to anything here, and it's not worth while for him to try. Every man's doing what he can to down every other man, and it doesn't make much difference which comes out on top. The fellows that get on top generally stay there, and the poor fellows that are under can squirm and squirm, and it won't do them any good. They've got to stay there and—"

"Fellers" said the leader of the band, much mortified. "we've made a mistake. We've got one of those darned calamity howlers from Canada. He ain't worth hangin'!"

And they walked away and left him standing on the barrel.—*Exchange.*

A Second Harvest.

MR. URBAN:—Your farm looks splendid; I never saw any fields so free from weeds.

UNCLE HUMSTEAD:—Yes; we had a lot of city boarders last summer, and the wimmin folks picked every bit of golden rod an' all the other darn stuff off of them.

Consistent in all Things.

THE REV. MR. BLANK (at the rehearsal of the wedding ceremony, to the groom):—And now, Mr. Canvas, have you the ring?

MR. CANVAS:—Yes, sir; three of 'em.

"Why, you don't need three rings!"

"I know it; but you see I'm in the circus biz, an' I thought 't would be a purty good ad. for my show to have three rings used in the ceremony, see?"—*Medina Grist.*

GLADYS:—Does your father give you much pin money?

MURIEL:—Oh, yes—he comes up to the scratch every month.—*Boston Post.*

SOMEBODY says that poets are declining. This may be so; but you had better not ask a poet what he will take on the strength of it.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

The Hon. Hogag Hoppergrass.

No biographical sketch or portrait of this gifted son of the neighbouring republic has yet appeared in any of those Canadian papers which are now devoting their attention to the publication in weekly instalments of a biographical history of the back settlements of that country. This is unjust to the Hon. Mr. Hoppergrass, who, though a young man, has a distinct claim upon the respectful consideration of those journals. He was born under the shadow of the White Mountains, and received his education at the public schools and in the fields and woods around there, graduating with an excellent opinion of himself and a very poor one of his associates. Being of an ambitious disposition he went to the nearest town and engaged in business as a saloon



keeper's assistant. He has travelled extensively, having visited Boston, New York and Skowhegan, and is a well known patron of athletic sports. No man in his town has a better grasp of the political situation at any given time, and among his warmest friends are numbered some leading statesmen. He is now in business on his own account; and aspires to be a town councillor and chairman of the board of water commissioners. He was president for two years of the athletic association of the town, and has been secretary-treasurer for three years of the Mortality Club. The Hon. Mr. Hoppergrass is still a young man, suave, genial, highly gifted, and of the strictest integrity. He has a countless host of friends; and, being still unmarried, his presence always causes a flutter among gentle hearts,—the more so that he is a young gentleman of most prepossessing appearance. Possessing the full confidence of his fellow-citizens, and endowed with great natural gifts, it is safe to predict that the Hon. Hogag Hoppergrass will in the future as in the past retain in the fullest degree the respect of all, and at the same time win for himself still greater honours as a man and citizen. Hon. Mr. Hoppergrass's magnificent front teeth, which are the pride of himself and the admiration of all, were developed in cracking nuts for his grandmother, whose teeth were bad. Thus virtue rewarded even in the exercise thereof. This should be a lesson and example to the boys of Canada, who may study with much profit the story of the Hon. Hogag Hoppergrass.

No Frills.

BRITISH TOURIST (in Oklahoma):—Aw, Landlord, 've you a shooting-coat you can lend me this morning?

LANDLORD TANNER (genially):—Like to oblige ye, but I hain't got none. You don't need it nohow. If you've got a grudge again some feller, jest go right out the way you air an' settle it. Doesn't make the least difference how you're dressed.